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The Hustings and the H-Bomb

By proposing a new approach to the Soviet Union, Mr. Churchill set out to switch the minds of electors away from those domestic issues which are most favourable to Labour. By choosing during the election campaign to break the bi-partisan agreement about foreign policy and enlisting the support of Lord Beaverbrook he eased the conscience of Labour leaders about atomic control.

Lord Beaverbrook even tried to make us believe that, if Mr. Churchill were Prime Minister he would now be welcomed in the Kremlin with "admiration and respect," as he was during the war. In fact, as a Moscow radio statement has promptly shown, there is no one to whom the Russians are to-day less likely to listen than Mr. Churchill. The Conservative Party Manifesto includes a declaration, characteristically Churchillian, that the Tory Party "is not prepared to regard those ancient States and nations which have already fallen under the Soviet yoke as lost for ever." To the Russians, who have consolidated their hold on Eastern Europe, such a remark is not far from a declaration of war. No one is more sensitive than Mr. Churchill to the charge of "appeasement," since he is widely blamed, not in our view fairly, for having made unnecessary concessions to the U.S.S.R. at Yalta. Since his Fulton speech he has stood in the Russian eyes as the bitterest enemy of the Soviet Union, and their worst suspicions were confirmed at Strasbourg last September when Mr. Macmillan revealed that while the Russians were fighting their life-and-death battle at Stalingrad, Mr. Churchill was drawing up a memorandum discussing how the "measureless disaster" of "Russian barbarism" was to be avoided after the war by a Union of Western States. Such a memorandum, written in the hour of Russia's greatest need, is not a passport to Moscow in 1950.

All this, and much more, discredits Mr. Churchill's intervention. But he understood better than Mr. Bevin the woman at a meeting who asked what was the use of talking about a housing programme if we were also making hydrogen bombs? Mr. Bevin's lamentable broadcast amounted to no more than a pathetic appeal to put him back in office because he had failed in the past. Surely it is the duty of the Prime Minister to-day, as it was during the election, to respond by welcoming Senator McMahon's proposals? Mr. Acheson, as Secretary of State, is unable to take any such initiative unless there is behind him a really substantial body of American and world opinion. Warm support from Britain might encourage constructive action. The McMahon proposals are of the utmost importance because they shift the emphasis from Marshall Aid, given with political conditions by America, to a proposal for disarmament plus world economic reconstruction through Uno. Russia, herself a member of Uno, has not refused to discuss, and even, on rare occasions, to make concessions within Uno, and on that basis there is at least a chance of a limited agreement.

Hope lies not in either side conquering territory from the other, or from either side becoming more heavily armed than the other, but from both sides recognising that, since war means catastrophe from which the human race may never recover, some kind of *modus vivendi* must be reached. Mr. Acheson has made real advances in thinking on this subject recently; he seems not opposed to the conception of creating neutral buffer States between the two Great Powers. Mr. Churchill again insists that, in the matter of the atom bomb, Russia must agree to full inspection. What is full inspection? If the Western Allies stick to the formula of the Baruch proposals, which have become out-of-date since the invention of the H-bomb, and which are for obvious reasons unacceptable to Russia, then no results can follow.

The U.S.S.R. has, however, agreed to periodic inspection of her atomic plants, and we hold that an imperfect agreement in such a matter would be far better than none. To demand that Russia should accept the dictatorship of a committee, dominated by the United States, about just how much atomic energy for industrial purposes she should produce, and allow Uno officials continually to watch over all her industrial processes, is foolish. Indeed, it is dangerous to press for any such unrealistic agreement, since, however thorough the nominal inspection, it would always be possible for the vast area of Communist territory to include, if Moscow wished, secret atomic plants in caves in the Urals or the centre of China. Uno inspection of the United States and its satellite territories all over the world would be equally incomplete. What is certain is that an agreement, which would allow the United Nations inspectors to enter Soviet territory, and the Russians, amongst others, to inspect American territory, would imply so great an improvement in world relations that we might well be at the beginning of an understanding which would avert war.

Dollars and Petrol

Tory efforts during the election campaign to capture the motorists' vote have done little to clarify what is, for the common man, a clouded issue. Mr. Churchill talked vaguely of the "enormous amount" of petrol now flowing from the sterling area, and promised to put an end to petrol rationing "at the earliest possible moment." Confusion, however, at once arises beween derationing petrol—which could doubtless be done at once if the price were raised to, say, 6*s*. a gallon—and allowing more motor spirit to be consumed in this country.

Lord Cherwell proceeded to back up the Churchillian lead by suggesting that more petrol could be released for British motorists' use if we sold less to soft-currency areas in return for foreign exchange which we did not need. To this, Mr. Gaitskell retorted with effect that the only soft-currency sales of petrol by British-controlled companies go to countries with whom we have trade agreements for the supply, in return, of essential foodstuffs or raw materials—apart from a few countries where political or strategic considerations make it essential for us to continue the supply.

There are two further factors which motorists are apt to overlook. One is that the present surplus of "sterling" oil, over whose disposal negotiations with the American oil interests appear to have reached deadlock, consists of fuel oil. Until the Haifa refinery is working again, and the new refineries projected in this country come into operation, there will be no question of a superfluity of "sterling" motor spirit. Secondly, the term "sterling" oil is apt to be a misnomer. Oil bought direct from American companies costs, in dollars, four times as much as the oil delivered by British companies; but all oil costs some dollars—either because royalties have to be paid in gold or hard currency, or because the British companies have to buy American plant or charter American tankers. Even with the economies now in force, the sterling area is spending 600 million dollars a year on petroleum products; and the situation is not made easier by Australia's repeal of petrol rationing. So long as the overall shortage of dollars persists, it seems inevitable that Britain's consumption of petrol will have to be restricted.

Slump in Germany

The appalling condition of the West German economy is best shown, perhaps, by the bald statement that unemployment has more than doubled in the last twelve months. Total unemployment, if the Western sectors of Berlin are included, is now more than 2,300,000. Not only does the trend show every sign of continuing, but it has now taken a new turn. A year ago the heaviest unemployment was to be found in the great "refugee areas," Bavaria and Schleswig Holstein; to-day, by ugly contrast, the rise is steepest in the Ruhr.

Faced with these fruits of their policy, the Bonn Government remains amazingly unperturbed. They are apparently convinced that the Americans cannot afford to abandon them; for the rest, they are leaving "recovery" to the "processes of economic readjustment." Their Plan for the remainder of the Marshall period, forwarded lately to O.E.E.C. in Paris, is described by the High Commissioners' economic staff as "an admission of total failure." Yet it is hard to see how the Americans can justify this scolding. The Ministers in Bonn are only doing what they have been told. They are demonstrating the virtues of "free enterprise"; and if the demonstration proves a thumping failure and a lasting embarrassment to its sponsors in Washington, are the Germans really to blame?

It should be remembered, too, that the slump in Western Germany offers great attractions to foreign interests desirous of buying their way into German industry; and that, as far as the German owners are concerned, it provides a powerful argument for the removal of those few restrictions on German production—notably of steel—which the Western Allies have yet to abolish. This seems to be a case where German and American inability to initiate real recovery marches hand-in-hand with selfish sectional interest.

By contrast, in Eastern Germany, the planners are at last beginning to register their first real successes. They have managed to achieve full employment, and production is rising steadily. Even if one takes the official figures with a reasonable pinch of salt, the results are still remarkable. With March, 1948, as the base, by September, 1949, the production of lignite had risen by 25 per cent., of iron ore by 36 per cent., of raw steel by 190 per cent., and of rolled steel by 100 per cent. Reports agree that larger quantities of consumer goods are now arriving in the shops, and that retail prices are being steadily reduced. This growing contrast between a planned economy and the chaos of "free enterprise" is not likely to go unmarked in Germany.

Closing the Breach in Italy?

The slump in Italy is scarcely less acute. It differs from that in Western Germany, perhaps, only in that it is of longer standing and attracts less attention. The first report of the E.C.A. Mission to Italy, issued a year ago, pointed out that 50-55 per cent. of capacity in the Italian engineering industry was unemployed. Since then a number of well-known works, such as Isotta-Fraschini and Alfa-Romeo, have finally closed down. In ship-building and heavy industry the position is certainly worse; even in textiles production is well below capacity, and is scarcely improving. Although official figures for unemployment show less than 1,500,000 registered unemployed, the true figure is generally accepted to be much nearer two millions, while no fewer than another million workers and peasants are on short time.

This is the background to the Italian trade union Confederation's latest attempt to persuade the Government towards a more hopeful economic policy. A conference of trade unions met in Rome last week to discuss a general plan for higher production. Their proposals were not new; what was new was the unexpected attendance of two Ministries, one Christian Democrat and the other Republican, at a meeting of the kind that is usually described in the conservative Italian press as "another Communist manœuvre." It was also notable that this Communist-led conference attracted the presence of many non-Communist politicians and economists. This is surprising evidence that the breach between Right and Left in Italy, opened by the Marshall Plan and since pushed wider by the efforts of both sides, may after all be bridged peacefully—if only through the pressure of economic circumstances.

Faint Praise at Lake Success

At the U.N. Economic and Social Council this week, speaker after speaker praised the report of the five economists on the international measures needed to sustain full employment; but not one was prepared to affirm his Government's support of the proposals. Sir Sydney Caine, speaking for Great Britain, declared that his country was a heartfelt supporter of full employment; but he destroyed the effect of his words by adding that, in this field, it would make no difference which party won the General Election, as the essentials of the British policy had been laid down by the Coalition Government during the war. He went on to emphasise his awareness of "the pitfalls that might lie hidden in apparently attractive measures," and to object to the degree of uniformity contemplated by the report in the action of different countries. The United States delegate followed with praise for the report, but also with a categorical assertion that his Government was in no way committed.

The Economic and Social Council will debate the report again in July; but the reception accorded to it at this "first reading" does not hold out much hope that the Governments mainly concerned are prepared to do anything of substance about it. Like all other plans for solving the problem of world fluctuations in demand, the report depends absolutely on American participation; and this in turn depends on the attitude of Congress. The present Congress would certainly dismiss the report out of hand; accordingly, its real value for the time being is bound to be only educational. But that does not make it less a landmark on the right road.

America's Farm Surpluses

The United States is now reaping the harvest of over-generous price supports for farm products. Congress, for instance, has kept the support price of potatoes high, and has refused to do anything that would drastically cut back production. The result is a glut of millions of bushels of potatoes. The farmer who cannot find a market for his crop can sell it to the Government for $1.25 a bushel, and then buy it back for a few cents as surplus, for livestock feed. Freight costs are too high to make it worth while shipping these potatoes in bulk to industrial alcohol plants. Moreover, Canadian potatoes, in spite of duty, are pouring into the U.S. market and selling below what many American farmers believe to be U.S. cost.

The U.S. Government is also landed with more than $100 millions' worth of dried eggs and milk, part of which is being offered now for school and charity meals. Britain has made an offer to buy some of the dried eggs at ten cents per pound—an offer to which the Americans have replied with a price of twenty

cents a pound if Britain will take the whole stock, estimated as the equivalent of 2,300 million shell eggs. The total cost at this price would be about $15 millions.

The pressure of these and other surpluses is almost certain to be reflected in debates on future E.R.P. appropriations. If Congress drew the obvious conclusions, it would now drastically reduce support prices for such commodities and enforce reductions in output. But it will do neither of these things in an election year. It may, however, be forced to consider at least a limited trial of the Administration's Brannan Plan, which would allow farm products to find their own price level and take care of the farmers by guaranteed incomes in place of guaranteed prices.

Teachers' Pay

Under strong pressure from the rank and file of the teaching profession, the teachers' panel of the Burnham Committee has decided to give a year's notice to end the present agreement on salaries. The teachers are determined to have a new salary scale and they have strong arguments on their side. When their salary demands were turned down last November, it was clear that only a temporary respite had been gained and that, wage-freeze or no, before long the mounting protest from the teachers would force new negotiations.

When the minimum is below that of a police constable; and when the maximum may be below that of a Civil Servant who has patiently acquired seniority, without special training or ability, it is understandable that the teachers should demand a revision of the Burnham scale. As correspondence in this journal, and elsewhere, has shown, teachers not only feel that their claims have been unduly neglected; they have begun to find that economic pressure is a mental distraction, driving many of them to seek extra work in adult education and private tuition. Finally, it is undoubtedly true that, unless some improvement is made in teachers' salaries, the profession will increasingly be unable to attract enough recruits, or the higher grade of graduates.

A Legal Anomaly

The Court of Appeal, in the case of Knightsbridge Estates *versus* Deeley decided last week, has excluded yet another large group of tenants from the protection of the Rent Acts. The judgment was given reluctantly, in view of its far-reaching results, but in the absence of an Amending Act it seems certain that many tenants are liable to eviction in the near future.

Those affected are tenants of houses, or flats in houses that have a rateable value of less than £100 in London, £90 in Scotland and £75 elsewhere, where these tenancies have been created, not by the freeholder but by a person who himself had a long lease from the freeholder, and where the rent is less than two-thirds of the rateable value of the house or flat. While the long lease lasts, the sub-tenant paying the low rent is protected by the Rent Acts. But as soon as the long lease expires, or is surrendered to the freeholder, he can evict the sub-tenants although they are paying a controlled rent.

Many 99-year leases are now running out. If mass evictions are not to occur, unintended by Parliament and unjustified in principle, an Amending Act will have to be given priority when the House of Commons meets again.

Slanging Match in Paris

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The French press has been showing wonder and envy at the "courtesy" and the "gentlemanliness" of the British election campaign. Compared with the slanging match into which the whole of France is being dragged these days, the British election, not unnaturally, strikes most French observers as the height of democratic decency and good manners. Here, scandal has now been going on for over a month, and, largely in order not to be scooped by the Communist and Gaullist press, all the papers, day after day, have had to fill columns with new revelations about the doings of Peyré, Van Co, and various rival police services, and with the accusations hurled at each other by Generals, politicians and Cabinet Ministers past and present.

The rivalry between French politicians of different parties, as exemplified by the attacks made by the former M.R.P. Minister of Colonies, M. Coste Floret, not only on General Revers, but also on MM. Ramadier, Moch, Queuille and others for allegedly trying to hush up the *affaire*, is paralleled by rivalries and machinations that have been going on in Indo-China among rival cliques, some loyal, some half-loyal, others still totally disloyal, to the Bao Dai regime. It is fairly clear that Revers had a "new" Indo-Chinese policy up his sleeve, and that Mast was coveting the post of High Commissioner; but around these two facts there was a tangle of rival interests concerned with finance, the whole machinery of export and import licences, and whatnot.

Probably Peyré, as a business man, and as the "Sidney Stanley" of the *affaire*, was primarily interested in this side of things; but what still seems most peculiar—as the amazing Revers letters to him suggest—is that he should have been in a position to promote generals, arrange meetings with Prime Ministers (though no Prime Minister has yet admitted to meeting him), and to supply inside information on Cabinet meetings and similar confidential matters. Who were his protectors? Or how much was he merely bluffing? One explanation is that certain members of French Freemasonry were playing an intricate game, possibly with a respectable target—such as peace in Indo-China—in view, and that Peyré was their liaison man. But one can scarcely see the wood for the trees any longer. More and more—relevant and irrelevant—muck is being raked up every day. The "Third Force" parties, and especially the Socialists, would like—not only for selfish reasons—to see and hear the last of this scandal, which is threatening to shake parliamentary government to the core; but the Communists on the one hand, and the Gaullists on the other, are gleefully keeping the snowball rolling.

Meantime, large-scale labour unrest is developing, threatening to involve a large part of the dock workers, the miners, and the whole of the automobile industry. The demands for higher wages are by no means confined to the Communist C.G.T.

THE ELECTION: Marginal Comment

By the time these notes appear, the great decision will have been taken by the British people. The safest prediction I can make is that, especially if Labour wins through with a minority of the total vote cast, we shall see a revived, and even urgent, demand for proportional representation. The Liberals will press for it on the ground that they are seriously under-represented. Many Tories may well support it in the belief that P.R. may postpone the evil day when there are no gates, like the House of Lords, on the road to Labour advance. A few Labour enthusiasts, like that great Socialist, H. N. Brailsford, have urged its acceptance because they instinctively seek to protect the weak against the strong.

Most of the arguments, both for and against P.R., are rarely directly relevant to the real issue which needs discussion. The P.R. theory, that Parliament should be "a mirror of national opinion" is obviously a false argument for the simple reason that, if it were, very little legislation would ever reach the statute book. Those of its critics who argue that it prevents majority rule forget that, while this is true of France and Italy and Germany, it has not been true of Ireland and Scandinavia and New Zealand. The real case against P.R. is that, almost everywhere, it substitutes the politics of manoeuvre for the politics of policy. A multiple-party legislative assembly, in which the Government lacks a clear majority, always suffers from the absence of a clear and coherent policy; its tendency is either to compromise or to coalition, neither of which makes a responsibility for policy-making clear or intelligible or direct. Even if P.R. results in a majority party, as in Ireland under De Valera, its effective drive is hamstrung by its fear lest, by making enemies, it lose its authority at the next election.

The vital character of any political system is dependent upon the electorate making known the government it wants and being able to punish it for its delinquencies when its turn is over. The check upon its activities must be self-imposed; it must be rooted in the constitutional tradition of the community. Mechanical controls never take us very far. That can be seen from the abuse of Article 48 of the Weimar Constitution under Chancellor Brüning. With all its faults, the present English system does make the elector know what he is doing. If Labour wins, the Socialist experiment will go on; if Labour loses, Mr. Churchill and his friends will try to re-impose the mood and approach which give comfort to Mr. John Foster Dulles in New York, to M. Paul Reynaud in Paris, or to Signor de Gasperi in Rome. If Labour loses, Mr. Churchill will try, as best he can, to win over to his side the hesitant Liberals who fear Socialism far more than they fear that mixture of Socialism and water which Mr. R. A. Butler distils. They know that, as the mixture is applied, the water will be sufficient in volume to drown any realism which may have received a temporary recognition for expedient, vote-catching purposes.

The real weakness of P.R., in any of its usual forms, is that it acts with a remarkable similarity to the doctrine of the separation of powers. It is supposed to clarify them; in fact, it confuses them. And, by doing so, it prevents both the Legislature and the Executive not only from making their purposes clear, but also from arousing the kind of discussion which educates the members of a democracy.

HAROLD J. LASKI

The Wrong End of the Stick

THERE is every sign that this year's struggle in Congress for appropriations for Marshall Aid is going to be accompanied by a vigorous drive towards European unification, in the sense in which the Americans understand that term. There are strong suggestions that a large part of the aid that Congress is disposed to give may be made conditional on what the E.R.P. Administration regards as satisfactory progress in this direction, or even earmarked for enjoyment exclusively by "good" countries which go farthest in following the American lead. This, if it prove true, is a poor look-out for Western Europe; for it will both aggravate the difficulties in the way of a revival of trade between East and West and, if the policy is seriously pursued, lead within a short time to a financial and economic crisis at least as serious as that averted in 1947 by E.R.P.

Americans, impressed both by the size of their own free market and by the successful working of their federal system of government, leap easily to the conclusion that free trade over a wide area and federal union over a correspondingly wide area and population are the proper cure for Europe's ills. But they manage to combine this belief with certain other attitudes which by no means square with it. In the first place, even if Europe, including both East and West, were or could be made a viable economic unit, Western Europe alone certainly could not—least of all if the sterling area were left out. Yet the Americans now appear to be aiming at precisely this badly balanced economic grouping, coupled with a ban on any exports to Eastern Europe that might strengthen the war potential of the Soviet Union and its neighbours. Thus, in practice, American policy is seeking, not a continental unity such as the United States comprise, but a segregated unity of industrial Western Europe. This would lead to a saturation of markets with Western export goods—especially capital goods—resulting in the common frustration of economic revival in France, Germany, and Great Britain, and in bitter quarrels between the partners about their respective shares in the markets left open to them.

Secondly, the American policy appears to include not only a restoration of free exchanges within Western Europe but also stabilisation of exchange rates between West European money and the dollar, and a removal of controls which would enable any country with balances in the currency of any of its neighbours to convert these balances into claims upon dollars or gold. How many countries in Western Europe can possibly afford such an arrangement, even if all the Marshall dollars that can be made available are put behind it? And, even of these, how many could go on affording it in face of even a minor recurrence of depression in the United States? Of course, countries whose Governments are prepared to allow a growth of unemployment and to revert to "rationing by the purse" might go a considerable way towards meeting the American demands—provided they are helped out by a great deal of Marshall Aid. But the further they go on these lines, the more will their economies topple over when the Aid is withdrawn in 1953. For they will have been forced into a grouping utterly unbalanced in its productive structure—with too few materials and too little food, and far too much capacity for producing industrial products for which there is no outlet in the dollar world.

Of this magnitude are the economic objections to the kind of West European unification that Mr. Hoffman and many leaders of American opinion appear to have in mind. The political difficulties are certainly no smaller. The American continent achieved and maintained its political unity—though not without a bitter civil war—because it was filled up gradually by settlers who flowed out from, or through, the original area of the United States into territories that were nearly uninhabited and had no rival forms of government or established habits and traditions to set against the forces making for unification. It is an utterly different matter to bring into a close federal unity a number of peoples speaking different languages and having behind them long-standing and widely different habits, traditions, and methods both of government and of non-governmental association. The language barrier alone is immense; but even greater are the deep differences of custom and attitude that divide the West European peoples. It is hard enough within a single country to achieve that *rapport* between the people and the government on which the working of democracy depends. How much harder must it be to achieve this over a wide, multi-national area?

The economic unification which many Americans now seem to wish to force on Western Europe at the point of the dollar is not workable except on a foundation of much closer political union than is at all practicable at present, and is not compatible with the world multilateralism which the Americans simultaneously preach. Countries cannot unify their currencies and permit complete freedom of exchange and trade within their united frontiers—and at the same time meet the demands of their peoples for full employment and the maintenance of standards of living—unless they have also established a common political government authorised by their peoples to follow a common policy in taxation, in the regulation of industry, in wage-policy, and in a host of other matters. Can anyone suppose that these functions could at present or in any near future be taken over from the various States by a common West European Parliament and Cabinet?

Now, there is no technical reason why European governments should not concert the planning of investment programmes and export-import policies. This would not require a degree of political unification that replaces national by international government as the major authority determining the fortunes of the ordinary man. But, in the present state of the world neither unification of currencies nor free trade over a great international area is compatible with the continuance of national governments really responsible to their peoples for basic determinations of policy. Real democratic control requires parties extending over the whole area subject to common government—parties so organised as to be able to present common programmes which represent broadly the desires of adherents over the whole area. The United States could not function as a democracy without its nation-wide parties and its presidential campaigns. The existence of these parties is consistent with wide differences within them from State to State; but they could not exist without a basic uniformity of social structure such as Western Europe certainly does not possess—and hardly without a common language.

Unless Americans appreciate these differences, they will be holding the stick by the wrong end. The danger is lest, believing that institutions which are good for them must be good for everyone else, and wishing to consolidate the Atlantic Pact by welding Western Europe into a unified anti-Communist power, they may seek to impose upon its peoples forms of unity which are compatible neither with economic recovery nor with the reality of democratic control. If Western Europe is pressed too far in the direction of either economic or political unity it will only fly apart again the moment it is hit by serious crisis in either its economic or its political affairs. But if the West is allowed to advance towards closer collaboration in its own way, without being cut off either from economic *rapprochement* with Eastern Europe or from economic dealings with areas outside Europe that can help to meet its needs through regulated mutual exchange, recovery will advance much faster and political collaboration will be able to develop side by side with national economic revival.

Below Ground

(*From a Correspondent*)

EXACTLY one hundred years ago the Mines Inspectorate was established. It was long overdue. During the first half of the nineteenth century, as deeper levels were worked and coal faces receded from the shaft, the toll of deaths from flooding and explosions had risen grimly. By 1850, reform was in the air. Ten years earlier the public had been roused by the sensational disclosures in the report of the Royal Commission on the employment of women and children underground—as illustrated, for instance, by the evidence of Dr. Edwin Ellis:

> The women work in the pits after marriage . . . and will work on some occasions up to the period of confinement. One woman I know of has had three or four children within an hour of her leaving the pit; and there are many instances of their working up to seven or eight months of pregnancy. The work of these women will be generally "hurrying"; but sometimes women "get," and one I have known earned more than her husband; and I have known her to "get" in an advanced state of pregnancy.

The upshot was the Act of 1842 which forbade absolutely women working underground, and imposed an age limit of ten years on boys. Nevertheless, pit disasters increased; shocking instances came to light of neglect even of wind-

ing ropes; and, at last, in 1850 an Act established the principle of State supervision of mines in the interests of the safety of the men. The first inspectors—a scant half-dozen in all—rarely deemed it necessary to go underground, and regarded themselves primarily as welfare officers. But gradually the service developed into an expert corps with a magnificent tradition of service behind it; seven inspectors have lost their lives leading rescue operations and many others have received the highest awards for their bravery.

This department of the Ministry of Fuel and Power celebrates its centenary with laurels: 1949 was the safest year in the history of British coal mining. Last year's figures were 461 killed and 2,169 seriously injured—which means that in twenty-five years casualties have been halved. As compared with 1873—the earliest year for which reliable accident statistics are available—coal output in 1949 was 74 million tons up, and the numbers killed 544 down. Britain's record compares well with that of other countries. Dutch mines are the safest in the world, but Britain runs a close second; and, by contrast, in the United States four times as many miners are killed in the pits, despite the fact that seams are wider and mining conditions in general much easier. Testimony to Britain's high standing internationally in the safety field was given when H.M. Chief Inspector of Mines, Sir Andrew Bryan, was appointed president of the International Tripartite Conference held in Geneva last year to frame a Model Code for use in mines all over the world.

A tough Scots mining engineer, son of a cobbler in Hamilton who has risen by the hard way to eminence, Sir Andrew is widely respected in the coal industry for his wisdom and humanity; he is a man whose opinion counts. Why then, when the safety situation seems so good, did he sound a note of warning in his recent speech as the new president of the Institute of Mining Engineers?

> We know full well that there still occur many avoidable accidents, and much preventable disablement and death from industrial disease. We must never forget that the miner who dies from pneumokoniosis is just as much "killed in the pit" as the miner fatally injured by a fall of roof or poisoned by the deadly afterdamp of an explosion. . . . More and more attention must be given to improving environmental conditions in mines, especially in relation to air borne dust.

Later he referred to "the army" of 150 H.M. Inspectors of Mines, a growing service of full-time workmen's examiners, and the "keen and rapidly developing battlement of officers, inspectors and advisers serving the Coal Board." Sir Andrew added: "In a nationalised industry might it not be possible, and give better results in the end, if the several inspectorial, advisory, and supervisory services could reconcile their independence and loyalties to their principals with a closer co-ordination?"

Complacency is certainly unjustifiable so long as the pneumokoniosis figures remain at their present level. In 1948, there were 4,626 certified cases—an increase of 583 victims over the preceding year. What is the solution? If sheer weight of numbers were a cure, the N.C.B's numerous committees and research units would have wiped out the disease. But, as underground mechanisation progresses, the miner works in an ever denser cloud of dust. In addition, shotfiring—which causes more dust than all other mining activities put together—is on the increase. In 1948, British coal mines used over 42 million lb. of explosive, against under 30 million in 1937 and the coal won per lb. of explosive used had fallen from 7.4 to 4.7 tons—at the cost of dirtier coal, more "smalls," more powdered rock and greater risk of roof-falls.

Intensive, and partially successful, efforts have been made to overcome the dust—in Wales, by water-infusion and wet-cutting—but the ultimate answer probably lies in the evolution of new machines that will get coal without the use of explosive. Such a machine already exists and is being tried out. The Samson Stripper wedges out the coal and thus eliminates shotfiring from the coal face. The present model is large and suited only for use in pits where space is plentiful; but it should not prove impossible to produce other strippers suitable to narrow seams.

Can more be done to reduce the number of "avoidable" accidents? As long as men continue to go underground they will be hurt. But six serious casualties a day is too many. The majority happen from roof-falls; next come accidents on haulage work; and the third commonest cause is explosion and fire. Of the 24 major incidents since Vesting Day, it has been established that no fewer than nine were caused by breaches of the law—seven by smoking and two by the opening of safety lamps. Clearly, improved education at all levels of the industry is one answer. For instance, first-class design of a pit means good ventilation; good ventilation lessens the danger of explosion should a miner light a cigarette; but it is still essential that a miner should have received technical training which makes him less likely to take risks.

From the first the Coal Board has taken education seriously; and much good work has been done, particularly with juvenile recruits. The new "Ladder Plan" for improved education and promotion based on training has already been briefly described in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. It should do much to raise the efficiency and status of technicians and officials, and to ensure that promotion is, as it should be, from the ranks. If the plan is operated democratically—*i.e.*, if the miners' representatives are allowed the last word in choosing candidates for further education—and if a new wage structure is evolved to reward the higher qualifications that are demanded, the industry, from pit to Board Room, should benefit greatly.

Meanwhile, it is important to emphasise that safety in the mines should remain primarily the responsibility of the Ministry. The inspectorate has a good record and most inspectors are regarded as fellow pitmen and friends by the miners themselves. They certainly appear to inspire more trust than do the N.C.B. "safety" officials, who are still, rightly or wrongly, regarded to a certain extent as bosses' men. There is also a certain risk that the existence of a "safety officer" in his pit may encourage a colliery manager to revert to quick coal-getting at the cost of secure engineering. The N.C.B.'s newly appointed "safety officers" are not always qualified mining engineers; they may be inclined, therefore, to focus their attention on the details of day-to-day security rather than on the wider issues of better planning for safety.

If, then, there be a case for an extension of the powers and numbers of the Ministry's inspectorate, and closer liaison with a somewhat pruned corps of N.C.B. "safety officers"—to prevent functional over-lapping—will it be easy to recruit new inspectors? The outlook is not encouraging. In his Report published last year, the Chief Inspector stated the position with considerable frankness:

> During the year, applications were invited to fill many of the vacancies, but sufficient candidates possessing the personal and technical qualifications necessary . . . did not present themselves. . . . Nor, as the number of resignations show, have the conditions of employment been sufficiently attractive to prevent very good men from leaving the service.

If progress towards safer mines—in terms both of accidents and occupational disease—is to continue as it should, the country cannot afford to let conditions in the inspectorate be insufficiently attractive. There is a real need for more good inspectors, men who are mining engineers but who also have a deep understanding of, and love for, both mines and miners.

London Diary

You now know who won. But why did who won win? A superb exercise in historical pluperfects; one man's guess will always be as unverifiable as another. With no facts at our disposal we may as well leave the last word with the loud-mouthed man in the public bar. Were the electorate as interested in the H-bomb as Churchill and Beaverbrook hoped or was the bomb still "foreign policy" and, in the voting, of little account compared with really important things like prices, houses and children's utility mackintoshes? How many floating voters did the Radio Doctor influence and, if any, were more of them attracted or repelled by that fruity bitterness? What was the proportion of Labour to Tory abstainers? When it came to the point did wives vote with their husbands after all? Not even Lord Woolton nor Mr. Morrison has the haziest idea, although that probably won't prevent them telling us.

Such agreeable ignorance will not last long in a scientific age. Social scientists have made a small start in the Greenwich constituency, where Mr. Mark Benney has directed a sociological survey for the London School of Economics. His report, when it appears, will certainly tell us far more about what really happened on the 23rd than the millions of words that will be written in the world's newspapers this week-end. But later on social scientists will get down to it in earnest. Their findings may eventually have a dangerously great effect on the voting. On this occasion, however, the man in the pub knows as much as the rest of us. His comment will follow his forecast. "It'll be muck or nettles anyway."

Herbert Morrison is probably right in saying that the days of victory won by a "Zinoviev letter" are over. He could have pointed out that every Tory victory of the last 50 years has been based on some kind of scare. 1901 was the most notorious of khaki elections; 1918 was fought on "hanging the Kaiser" and squeezing the German orange "until the pips squeaked;" 1931 was the scare about the pound and 1935 had to be won by prevarication because, as Mr. Baldwin explained afterwards, he wouldn't have been elected if he had told the truth. In 1945 the Gestapo stuff failed so dismally that Tory H.Q. has this time been doing its best to keep Churchill quiet. If stunts, conceived before the campaign, have been abandoned, that is mainly because the mass of the electorate is now sufficiently awake not to be readily deceived. Although the press is heavily against Labour, there is enough of it either friendly, neutral or anti-Conservative to explode sheer nonsense. Most important of all, political broadcasts defeat stunts. Attlee's quiet reply to Churchill in 1945 was decisive; the knowledge that he could reply has proved in 1950 an effective deterrent. As a result, the issues have been more seriously debated than I remember at any other election. All the broadcasters, except Mr. Bevin, have taken the trouble to discover something of the technique of broadcasting.

* * *

Speaking in London and Lanarkshire during the last week, I discovered with surprise that any mention of the "Radio Doctor" evoked a shout of derision from any working-class audience. He is as sure a bet for a laugh as Wigan. But the response is less light-hearted than that; his name in a Labour meeting has rather the effect of a reference to vermin in a Tory gathering. Compare a heckler with the Radio Doctor, or start off, "as the Radio Doctor says," and people are hooting at him before you've finished your sentence. Many workers, in short, have decided that he is a poor kind of clown—a man who set up to be a scientific preacher above the battle and who makes cheap cracks about things that matter, tries to persuade the working class that it is worse off than it used to be, and makes game of its Socialist faith. Charles Hill's political broadcast certainly pleased a great many middle-class listeners, but others who used to listen to him as a medical man now regard him as a music-hall type having the impertinence to tell them how to vote.

* * *

The Communists complain that Harry Pollitt had only 8½ minutes and that his broadcast took place after the 6 o'clock news instead of at 9.15. They make a complaint of more substance when they point out that the *Radio Times* avoided mentioning the name of Harry Pollitt or of his Party. Pollitt, of course, made good use of his time, shooting off his Party's line in a breathless stream that reminded me (in technique, not in matter) of Walter Winchell. If more people were not impressed by his remarks that was no fault of his, nor even that of his propaganda promises. The fault is that Russia seems uninterested in the working class in the Western countries and makes no effort to meet its electoral requirements. If Communism means, as it does to-day, nothing but complete subservience to the Moscow line; if Western Communists are not even consulted about the needs and points of view of Western workers, then—short of widespread unemployment and misery—there will be no Communist progress here.

* * *

Ever since Gorki's doctors confessed to murdering him by exposing him to the smoke of a bonfire, I have felt pretty sceptical about confessional trials. Their main disadvantage is that, unless assisted by exterior evidence, there is not the slightest reason for either believing or disbelieving anything that is said. It is foolish to assert that the prisoners are innocent or guilty. If, for instance, a man confesses both to spying and sabotage there may be very strong general grounds for accepting the verdict of espionage (especially since the collection of almost any military or economic information may be regarded in a Communist country as spying), but very little grounds for believing the inherently unlikely charge that he deliberately wrecked his own work. The same point arose over the trial of the British engineers in Moscow; that some of the accused had been supplying information to a foreign Government was, I think, highly probable, but the suggestion that first-class engineers destroyed their own machines in order to hurt the Russians seemed fairly clearly to have been added for the convenience of administrators whose bungles needed cover. So I make no cocksure comments on the Hungarian trials, only noting that without further evidence it is quite impossible to judge the truth or falsity of the accusations. The Foreign Office denial read to me like studied evasion of some of the allegations.

* * *

Sir Alan Herbert's "Matrimonial Causes Act, 1937," concerned with "the relief of conscience among the clergy," said (section 12) that "no clergyman of the Church of England . . . shall be *compelled* to solemnise the marriage of any person whose former marriage has been dissolved on any ground . . ." Recent resolutions of the Convocations of the Church of England, however, want to return to the earlier position and alter "compelled" in this passage to "permitted." In that case the prohibition would be absolute; Church of England clergy, in spite of their statutory rights, would not be allowed to remarry the most innocent victim of the divorce courts.

Alarmed by the divorce statistics, the Convocations seem to believe they can "stop the rot" by paganising the re-marriage of divorcees. By thus "seeking to equate the Anglican doctrine with the Roman," protests the Modern Churchmen's Union, the extremists may provoke "a serious crisis within the church itself and in its relations to the State . . . The Church of England, as by law established, has obligations to keep the law which establishes it." It has no right to "deprive His Majesty's subjects of the conditional right of re-marriage in Church which they now possess." Meanwhile, parish clergy who are not interested in promotion will no doubt continue to act according to the consciences preserved to them by Parliament in 1937.

* * *

I've discovered at least one deficiency in Lord Woolton's electoral organisation. Party agents have obviously had classes in the technique of planting questions and coaching hecklers. So far, however, no method has been found of providing them or the hecklers with intelligence as well as technique. One questioner indignantly asked me why Labour M.P.s had voted themselves £1,000 a year, and was obviously astonished to learn that Conservative M.P.s receive the same remuneration. An old lady who could not find her glasses to read her question was kindly informed by the speaker that, if she passed it up, he would read it for her. She thanked him warmly, saying that the agent, who had given her the question, would be very grateful! The best question yet, however, was addressed, I am told, to Professor Laski, who was asked whether he did not now regret having written the *Communist Manifesto*.

* * *

The Liberal loudspeaker van in a London suburb made no bones about it. "Think once before you vote Labour. Think three times before you vote Tory. Don't think at all before you vote Liberal." CRITIC

NO COMMENT

There was a sound of revelry last night
We learn from sources commonly reliable;
Electors on the loose expressed delight,
The festive atmosphere was undeniable.
By yesterday no more was verifiable,
No certain forecast showed which side would win
(The public being notoriously pliable)
But voters massed to drink their Parties in,
The lower-income groups with beer, the rest with gin.

We do not probe the verdict of the poll,
We vend no telepathic information,
We seek but scope for our appropriate role
Of guidance, counsel and elucidation.
Frustrated by the date of publication,
No hint we hazard and propound no theory
Prior to the great hangover of the nation,
Due to indulgence spirituous or beery,
Save that for some the dawn was bright, for others, bleary.

Why did they make Election Day on Thursday?
Why not on Tuesday could they cast the die?
Conservatives could not have picked a worse day—
We must be mute, or merely prophesy!
We, Labour's advocate and staunch ally!
(The more the love, the painfuller the smart is.)
Doomed to be dumb till seven days pass by,
The Labour Government's Fidus Achates
Eager to take its part against all other Parties.

Our comment must needs wait till next week-end,
We will indulge in no prophetic flight.
We state—not guessing the election trend—
There was a sound of revelry last night.
Patience, dear reader! Critic will not write
Leaving loose dangling threads and ends untidy—
But be what may the outcome of the fight,
Come Left, come Right, come day of wrath, come high day,
Come Labour or come Tory—we come out on Friday!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD

There is no reason why the laundry should not also contain the servant's bath. A servant's bath will be used only occasionally.—From *Planning Your Home for To-morrow*. (L. L. Ardern.)

I have been told that the rise in the cost of white pepper is due to the Communists, who are hoarding it and using it as currency. If this is so, I shall buy no more.—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (Norman J. Hart.)

An 11-year-old boy used his glass eye and spare to play marbles. He broke both. He is to be given another eye under the Health Service.—*Daily Mail*. (E. C. Goldring.)

The Rev. Dr. John Quillan said it was with horror that he looked on the very thought of sex education in schools. "Sex education," he declared, "resulted in the fall of the Roman Empire."—*Glasgow Evening Times*. (J. Isaacs.)

Lord Mancroft, as chairman of the London Conservative Speakers' Association, is taking a vigorous part in the platform campaign. He brings a flag and a whistle to his meetings.

When interrupters threaten to get out of hand he blows the whistle, waves the flag and shouts: "Off side! Free kick to Mancroft!"

Order is unfailingly restored.—*Daily Telegraph*. (A. Jobling.)

Whose Austria?—II

"BUS TO BERCHTESGARDEN"

SALZBURG is the city of Mozart; and Mozart, who himself was kicked out of Salzburg by his patron, the Archbishop, is the best racket Salzburg has. But the Salzburg of to-day is not famous for Mozart only. In 1945 it was the centre of that "Alpine Redoubt," where the surviving defenders of Hitler's Thousand Year Reich were going to make their last stand. There was no such last stand: instead of dying on the steps of Walhalla, the last champions of the Third Reich slunk into Salzburg boarding houses, or allowed themselves to be pushed, for a while, into American camps. To-day, Salzburg is the centre of the Neo-Nazi movement in Austria.

This is perhaps not surprising. Funds that once belonged to the Quisling State of Croatia are said to be hidden in caves in the Salzkammergut, together with the treasures of the S.S. The 300,000 Volksdeutsche, who have been in Austria since their expulsion from Rumania, Hungary and Yugoslavia, and are outside the care of the International Relief Organisation, are inflammable political material. Many of them—together with Ustashe, Iron Guard, Salasi men and other Fascist riff-raff—have drifted to the area. The first thing you see on arriving at Salzburg station is a sign: "Bus to Berchtesgarden." Geographical coincidence? Perhaps. But the Neo-Nazi movement in Austria finds not only its inspiration but also its financial backing in Salzburg.

The trouble started long ago. The human material for such a movement was obviously there. There had, after all, been 650,000 Nazi Party members, plus their families, in Austria. Two factors contributed to their resurgence. Before the last election, the Austrian Minister of the Interior proposed that parties other then the three allowed by the Allies—Catholics, Socialists, and Communists—be permitted to run candidates. There was much disagreement among the Allies—the British, it is said, favouring this innovation in order to test the strength of Nazism in Austria, and the Russians not altogether opposed, since they were, it seems, hoping for a split in the Socialist Party. Finally, a compromise was reached whereby no new *parties* could run in the election, but *groups* could. Secondly, the Allies had, late in 1945, published a law which was to play into the hands of the Neo-Nazis. The *Bezirk Hauptmannschaften* (Prefectures), under the authority of the Ministry of the Interior, were to keep lists of all persons who, between 1933 and 1945, had belonged to the Nazi Party and affiliated bodies. These lists could be consulted. The Neo-Nazis promptly availed themselves of these lists, and circularised before the election all those whose names figured in them.

The "group" appeared in the election under the non-committal label of V.d.U. (*Verband der Unabhängigen*; Union of Independents), and became the third largest party in Austria, with 450,000 votes and 16 seats in Parliament. Its programme is, so far, exceedingly vague; it speaks of Austria for the Austrians, close economic bonds with Western Germany, and, as for the rest, there is something for everybody. A planner will find something to please him, and so will a liberal economist; it is both pro-Vatican and anti-Vatican, pro-Jew and anti-Jew; but, in reality, it appeals to the widest possible number of malcontents. The open Nazi ideology is, so far, fairly carefully camouflaged, and the personnel of the party, rather than any of its official utterances, gives one a clue to its real nature. At Graz, some time ago, at a public meeting, the band cheerfully played *Wir fahren gegen England*, until the British authorities drew their attention to the fact that this was going a bit far in British-occupied territory.

The head of the movement is a certain Herbert Kraus, an officer in the Austrian army, who became a colonel of the Wehrmacht by 1940. He has been described as "an ascetic, not only in looks but also in his habits; an intellectual, a brilliant thinker but bad speaker." His close associate is one Reimann, "a *beau* of the Viennese suburbs," who first took up theology, and then, when Hitler came, began to study *Germanistik* in all earnestness, joined the Hitler Youth, and later, while in the army, was punished for a row with a sergeant. This was useful to him, for in 1945 he was able to pose as a victim of Nazi persecution and as a "resistance man." Being a slick writer, he got a job on the liberal *Salzburger Nachrichten* after the war. (The editor was, and still is, a dynamic and picturesque Austrian, Dr. Canaval, who himself, as an anti-Nazi, spent all the seven years from the Anschluss to the Nazi collapse, in Dachau.)

Last year, the V.d.U. started in Salzburg a paper of their own, the *Oesterreichische Allgemeine Zeitung*, which is, in fact, their central organ. Reimann, who had become increasingly outspoken in his pan-German utterances and editorials, was sacked from the *Nachrichten*, and switched over to the new paper, which he is now running for Kraus. It started as a financial success, with a circulation of 70,000. Latterly it has declined to 24,000; but, meantime, the V.d.U. has started several other papers—mostly weeklies—with an aggregate weekly circulation of 230,000. They are run at a loss now, but there is clearly money behind them, as behind much else.

At Linz, on Christmas Eve, a youngster got into a row with his parents, who insisted that he should spend Christmas Eve at home. In a rage, he rushed down into the cellar, and brought back a pistol, which he then proceeded to fire at his family, and wounded his mother and sister. The police were called, and in the cellar of the house a whole arsenal was discovered of hand grenades, automatic pistols, and whatnot. Eleven arrests were made and it was discovered that this was just one gang in many belonging to a widely ramified Nazi "resistance movement." The moving spirit behind this organisation was a prominent S.S. man, Obersturmbannführer Girk, since escaped to Germany.

There is good evidence that the other leaders of the Nazi underground are a certain Dr. Lahm, now editor of another V.d.U. paper, the *Neue Front*, one Höttl, a high S.S. Officer, Kernmayer, also an S.S. officer, and still another S.S. chief of the name of Schachermayer, a fanatical Hitler worshipper. These, and some other S.S. men are considered to be the chief liaison men with the Nazi organisations in Bavaria, and among them may be also one or two who know the secret of the S.S. and other Third Reich treasures hidden in the caves and lakes of the Salzkammergut. It is not, however, certain whether these treasures are all that readily placed at the disposal of the V.d.U., especially if, as seems probable, they contain much gold—hard to negotiate—and not much negotiable currency.

The story many Austrians tell is that the Nazis and the V.d.U. leaders are really being financially and politically supported from more sources than one. "Everybody is flirting with them, if not openly subsidising them." Above all, the Americans, but also the British, the French and the Russians. The prevalent theory about Russian contacts with Kraus is that the stronger the Nazis become, the more easily can the Russians bring pressure to bear on the Austrian Government about the "Nazi Menace" in Austria. Perhaps the Russians can also make some use elsewhere of the V.d.U.'s pan-German tendencies. Some Austrians believe that, if Communism spreads in Germany, the Russians will become increasingly pro-Anschluss!

"Salzburg," said one Austrian friend, "is really an uncanny place. Every third person you meet in the street is *somebody's* agent." A lot of the political intrigue of Europe seems to be concentrated here, in these beautiful mountains. And half the Austrians I have talked to are, of course, convinced that the Nazi underground, which exists openly only in the form of the hitherto

seemingly innocuous V.d.U. (with the Loritz Party in Germany as its rather more potent counterpart) is being assiduously cultivated by all sorts of people. They will tell you, for instance, that there are "two American policies," the policy of the State Department and the White House on the one hand, and of the military ("certain military") on the other—men who consider war with Russia inevitable before very long, and who therefore hold that de-Nazification is completely out of date, and that the more of the tough old SS ruffians and their disciples are brought together, the better. They might come in very useful.

"Russian Intelligence, Deuxième Bureau, C.I.C. and what have you—all as busy as beavers in the city of Mozart, spying, recruiting, mixing with the most unsavoury characters formerly of the Reich, of Pavelic's Croatia, of Salasi's Hungary, and whatnot," said my Austrian friend. "Nobody's squeamish any longer. Only," he added, "I wish I knew what all this has to do with the future and the well-being of Austria? Do you think *any* of the Great Powers has really an Austrian policy? Or is Austria merely their chessboard?"

Salzburg. ALEXANDER WERTH

So They Say . . .

How did the public opinion polls fare over the election? Right up to this week, they were as undecided as the electorate appeared to be, and in the end were divided over the outcome.

The most authoritative poll (with a record of one per cent. error for both main parties in 1945) was that conducted by the British Institute of Public Opinion on Dr. Gallup's sampling principles, and published by the *News Chronicle*. It ran five special election surveys. The first, on January 20, showed the Tories with a lead of 2½ per cent. over Labour (44 to 41½ per cent.), compared with a Tory lead of ten per cent. in November. This trend continued; on January 30 Labour had gone ahead with 45½ per cent. to the Tories' 44 per cent. This slender lead was maintained in the February 10 poll, and increased to 2½ per cent. on February 17 (Labour 45, Tories 42½). The final *News Chronicle* poll, published the day before polling day, gave Labour 45 per cent., to the Tories' 43½ per cent. The gap had narrowed.

The other main poll (although conducted on somewhat obscure principles) was that run by the *Daily Express* "Institute of Public Opinion." On January 23 it showed the Tories leading with 48 per cent. to Labour's 42 per cent. By January 30 Labour had narrowed the gap, with 42½ per cent. to the Tories' 47½. February 6 showed the Tories' lead cut to only 1 per cent. (45 to 44 per cent.). On February 13 the two parties were running neck-and-neck with 45 per cent. each. In its last poll, however, last Monday, the *Express* poll showed the Tories regaining a slight lead, and forecast a victory by 46 to 44½ per cent.

The *Daily Mail*, unwilling to be left out of Tory victory predictions, produced on February 15, a poll carried out by the "Bureau of Commercial Research," which showed the Tories leading by 2½ per cent. (The *Daily Mail* pointedly ignored the *Daily Express* poll, by adding that the *News Chronicle's* Gallup Poll was the "only other British survey conducted on scientific and independent lines.")

The *Evening Standard*, for its part, published on February 7 the result of its own private poll of "400 local correspondents in all parts of the country." This gave the Tories 312 seats to Labour's 280. A later canvass of local paper editors by the *Bournemouth Times* (published by the *Evening Standard* last Saturday) gave the Tories 292 seats to Labour's 279.

Vote of Thanks

Welcome relief from the pre-election surfeit of "putting the cases" and "reports from the constituencies" was provided by the *Daily Express's* "Hecklers Corner." A brightly written and not too partisan coverage of election meetings, it captured the true flavour of political hammer-and-tongs. AUTOLYCUS

Canada: Two Nations or One?

(From a Canadian Correspondent)

THE continuing dispute over relations between Federal and Provincial government which has plagued Canada for eighty years is a framework through which stalk the real conflicts—those between the English and French Canadian, between Catholic and Protestant, imperialist and nationalist, rich and poor. As Canada is split into two nations, Siamese twins uneasily testing each other's strength, every conference on Dominion-Provincial matters is apt to become a battlefield.

The particular conference called this January by Prime Minister St. Laurent was for a limited objective, to decide on methods of amending the British North America Act in matters concerning the Provinces. Last autumn, the Federal Government received from the British Parliament the right to amend it by vote of Parliament in matters affecting only the Federal powers. The conference ended amicably, with everybody rushing into print to acclaim Premier Duplessis for his singular moderation in not spurning the assemblage and marching home in a dudgeon, as he has done on two previous occasions.

Certainly, the tide of nationalism is running lower than in 1941 and 1946, the dates of the former conferences, when war was starting or had just ended, and when conscription was a fighting word in Quebec. Nowadays there are signs that some of the clergy are soothing the nationalist spirit, because they would hardly want Quebec in fractious mood in the event of war with Russia. The Church is not unanimous on this policy; some of the bishops want no part in any war, so there is no strong pressure on the Premier either way. In the background, lies the fact that American business interests now dominate Quebec industry, and can contribute or refrain from contributing to the funds of Duplessis' National Union. Since the war, they have no great interest in maintaining Canada's tie with England, and see no reason why Quebec should not co-operate in the step toward independence which drafting one's own constitution implies.

Quebec is not the only nationalist province. In 1938, the brief which New Brunswick submitted to the Rowell-Sirois Commission, investigating the distribution of taxation powers, supported the thesis that when the provinces of Canada (Ontario and Quebec), New Brunswick and Nova Scotia united in 1867 to form Canada under the B.N.A. Act, they kept all their sovereignty and remained Crown Colonies. They simply delegated certain powers to the Federal Union. No such extremist argument was heard this time; all agreed that Canada is a nation and should have its own constitution.

Other winds of reality blew through the conference room. Premier McNair of New Brunswick thought the B.N.A. Act should be repealed outright and a fresh start made. Premier Manning (Social Credit) of Alberta wants a referendum, so that the people may accept or reject the constitution presented to them—something they have never had a chance to do. After all, neither Premiers nor Parliaments have any mandate to make constitutions. Several influential journals back this proposal, and suggest that a special convention be called. Premier Duplessis remarked with eminent practically that no Province can be run without money, and that fields of taxation must be decided before any agreement can be reached. Another conference in the autumn is to tackle this problem; and until it succeeds there will be overlapping taxation on corporations and inheritances, there will be no social security programe for the nation, and responsibility for relief in bad times will be split three ways, with the cities getting the worst of it. Premier Douglas (C.C.F.) of Saskatchewan urged the need for public works, old age pensions, and other such measures which are dependent on agreement.

Suppose that in the United Kingdom the Industrial Midlands spoke a separate language, had their own Parliament whose proceedings were naturally conducted in Midland tongue, made their own laws on property, marriage and even immigration, and weaned their children on the papal encyclicals and the Stuart ballads. Suppose Scotland was made up of three or four weak provinces, while Wales, the Home Counties, the South, and so on each had its own Parliament and contained large Midland minorities who wanted their own schools in the Midland language. Suppose the Westminster Parliament, in wrestling with this situation, was bound by an archaic constitution enacted 80 years ago, which would not permit it to legislate concerning education, marriage, nor property and civil rights in any province. Would any such State as modern England be possible? Of course in Canada various subterfuges have circumvented the law at times. But much social reform is stymied.

After considering these ancient impediments,

the conference wound up by handing over the problems to a committee of Federal and Provincial attorneys-general, which will go over the B.N.A. Act and sort its provisions into six categories—those that concern the Federal government only, and may be amended by the Federal parliament; those that concern the Provinces only and may be amended by their Parliaments; those that concern Federal and one or more Provinces but not all, to be amended by mutual agreement; those concerning the Federal power and all the Provinces, to be amended by a majority of all the legislatures.

The Quebec Chamber of Commerce would like to see Canada divided into four regions, Maritimes, Ontario, Quebec, and the West, with a requirement for the consent of all four to any amendment on such matters. That would prevent a very small province such as Prince Edward Island exercising a veto power if the rest of the region wanted to agree. The fifth category contains what are known as the entrenched clauses, over which Quebec and probably others want to keep an absolute veto. These include education, marriage, language, administration of justice, provincial property and natural resources. The last category is the waste-basket—outdated provisions to be repealed or disregarded. It is clear that the fourth and fifth are the essential material for a constitution, the others being matters which could be covered by simple laws or agreements, or by statements to which everybody would agree. This complicated project puts too much emphasis on method of amendment, and not enough on the substance of what is to be amended.

It is on education that the battle always converges, as it has since Laurier's day. The real objection of the Western Provinces is not to the French language as such, but to the fact that the separate French schools would inevitably be staffed by priests and nuns or teaching brothers, that the textbooks, the methods and spirit of the Quebec schools would be extended to the children of the prairies. Quebec schools have grown more liberal in recent years, but their aim is still to turn out good Catholics, not whole men and women. There is just so much time in a school day; and if a child has to spend half of it learning the catechism, answering questions such as "Does Baptism efface original sin?" in the fourth grade, learning geography by missionary voyages and arithmetic by the beads of the rosary, he won't have much time for literature or chemistry.

The civil code of Quebec is based on the Code Napoleon and a residue of 18th-century ordinances. It has been modified, notably for the protection of illegitimate children and slightly for some married women's rights; but it lacks provision for rights of freedom of speech and organisation. To an upper-class French Canadian "rights" mean rights to language and religion, not to habeas corpus; and religious rights mean the right to be a Catholic, not to be a Witness of Jehovah. No general Bill of Rights could get past the veto of the present Government of Quebec. If a man could not be "desseized of his freehold but by lawful judgment of his peers," what would become of Quebec's Padlock Act?

If, in the autumn, an agreement is reached on taxation, which is still a large "if," it is quite probable that, after months of jockeying, a new constitution will be hammered out, which will simplify administration, permit some extension of social security measures, and drop obsolete clauses from the 1867 Act. It is even possible, though doubtful, that it will be submitted to the people for ratification. But it does not now seem possible that it will do more than affirm Canadian nationhood within the Commonwealth, and reaffirm the existing state of Dominion-Provincial relations.

If Canada, Ontario and Quebec each had a government determined to safeguard the right of every Canadian, French or English, to employment at a living wage, to freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from police interference in his lawful concerns, freedom of labour organisation and freedom from want in his old age or illness, a workable constitution could be agreed on in a week.

Just Junk

BEFORE speaking, Mrs. Hawksby—general dealer, N.W.5—will remove, if she likes you, the stained cigarette that hangs, as if it grew there, from her mouth. Trade, she observes, stubbing the butt against a chipped china dog, is about as lively as a deaf mute. "Wot with this election—people holding on to their things because they think Churchill's going to win, so they'll all be in Easy Street, Lord luv' you. And then, lately, old folks don't seem to be dying off as they ought—if you'll excuse my saying so, ducky, and if you see wot I mean."

Having learned the tricks of the junk trade in the *Waterlooplein*, before Amsterdam's Jewish street-market became the victim of history, I knew very well what Mrs. Hawskby meant. In the bottom layer of this second-hand commerce, whose structure has its dollar-earning pinnacles in West and South-west One, business is a partnership—between dealer, poverty and death. The problem of rent-day or that essential new pair of shoes becomes pressing; the cupboard, the old trunk is rummaged; unearthed, some saleable object changes hands for cash in Mrs. Hawksby's shop. Or Grandma dies; daughters and nieces take a few sentimental pickings; and then, unless what is left is only worth a barrow-boy's while to clear "for a song," Mrs. Hawksby is invited to make an offer for the lot. Thus and thus is the junk market fed from below.

Among London's amateur hunters after junk there persists, I have found, the belief that the best bargains are to be found in open-air street stalls—in Portobello Road or in Bermondsey Square, where on Fridays something like the old Caledonian Market on a small scale has lately been started. This belief is a delusion. There are, it is true, odd corners of little known "fruit and veg." markets where a junk barrow may hold a "find," of whose value the seller is unaware. But these are rare discoveries; and in the known bric-à-brac markets there are too many wide-awake dealers. In Bermondsey Square, for instance, many of the traders who rent pitches ("Eight-and-six a day, and you take your chance on the weather") have shops of their own; and any real bargain displayed by a less knowledgeable stall-holder is quickly snapped up in the brisk intra-market trade that goes on in the first hour.

But though there is little hope of finding overlooked treasure here, and you may easily be asked the full West End price, the patient bargainer with only a few loose shillings can still do well if he takes the trouble to study the economics and the psychology of the trade. He will learn, first, that outside the minority who are really experts in antiques, dealers tend to fix the rock-bottom price of their wares, not according to estimated value (of which they have only a vague idea), but by adding, say, one-third to cost. Thus chance sometimes results in cheapness. Secondly, traders who have no shop of their own are usually ready to cut their profit on articles which are bulky or fragile. Finally, most street dealers are specialists; if they have bought a mixed job-lot at an auction they will generally let anything outside their own line go cheap. The Sunday morning "dealers' market" in Houndsditch owes its existence to this tendency towards specialisation—the swopping process being analogous to the game of Happy Families.

Bermondsey Square, I am told, will never equal the scale and choice of the old "Caledonian." The trouble there, according to Mrs. Hawksby, was that there was too much "hot" stuff—"if, being a foreigner, miss, you know wot I mean." The trade, it seems, is nowadays more moral, or more cautious. Certainly the market traders all complain of the difficulty of securing supplies. Those who spend Friday in Bermondsey and Saturday in Portobello Road are busy, during the rest of the week, replenishing their stock—sometimes at out-of-the-way auctions, mostly from the Mrs. Hawksbys of the back streets. Here, rather than in the markets, is the best chance of a real bargain turning up.

Even here, the problem of supply has to be tackled if turn-over is to be kept up. Gone, for Mrs. Hawksby and her like, are the busy, adventurous times when roomfuls of furniture and knick-knacks could be bought—"take 'em as you find 'em'—in bombed houses. The go-ahead, successful general dealers in these Welfare State days can no longer rely on poverty driving enough sellers to their doors: "cash for your unwanted articles" figures largely in the advertisement columns of small local papers. Many shops pay retaining fees to lawyers' clerks and undertakers' assistants in order to have first news of a death which may result in a selling-off of effects. Dealers are, indeed, inclined to think that the supply of "period" junk is running low: just as the valuable eighteenth-century stuff has gradually seeped away to the dollar area, so the relatively cheap Victorian bric-à-brac has been absorbed by domestic, unmoneyed collectors who hold it as an investment against the falling pound. "The fact is," says Mrs. Hawksby, "we

dealers have killed our own trade by lying about it. We've kidded too many journalists like you about the 'alf-dollar buy that gets sold at Christie's for a hundred quid; people won't sell things now in case they're losing a packet they don't know about. But, believe me or not, it's mostly just junk."

OETIE CATENBURG

Socialism and Don Erminio

AT Minozzi's, in the little side street just off the Piazza in Milan, they serve the best risotto in the world. Nine out of ten of Minozzi's regulars, middle-aged or elderly men, disregard their mild scurvy and eat nothing but this highly spiced rice twice a day, and every day. And there, promptly at half-past twelve every day for the last thirty-two years, a little comedy has begun. The curtain rises with the cathedral clock chiming the half-hour and the punctual arrival of Don Erminio Colonna.

Don Erminio is in his sixties; a heavy, sad-faced, silent man possessing a head which is considerably broader at the base than across the temples. With his deep yellow complexion he looks—as indeed do all the other regulars—like an oriental khan. He is described on his identity card as a *rentista*, draws a small income from a few acres somewhere down South which he hasn't seen since childhood, and lives with his sister. Taking the place from which for thirty-two years he has never been absent, except for reasons of sickness, for a single meal, he sticks the enormous napkin provided in the side of his collar, thus with an unconsciously rakish effect revealing his tie and the fact that he is a member of the bourgeois class.

For about five minutes he sits in pleasant anticipation, breaking up a piece of bread and hurling the fragments into his mouth. Each day produces these twin peaks of experience—the midday and evening meals—out of a completely flat plain of boredom. He gazes with unseeing eyes straight ahead of him at a mechanical piano-player, on the music rack of which is a telephone directory. Don Erminio couldn't possibly digest his meal unless sitting exactly in this position and enjoying this prospect. The reason, now forgotten, for choosing the particular table had been a lady cashier whose desk had once stood in the place now occupied by the piano-player. It is 25 years since this lady left the restaurant's employ to get married, and she is now a grandmother.

After five minutes the waiter puts in an appearance and he and Don Erminio settle down to their usual game.

"What's it to be?" the waiter asks. He is quite as willing to play this game as Don Erminio. Serving his customers has become just as much a matter of inviolable ritual to him as the meal itself is to them.

"What soup is there to-day?" Don Erminio asks him. He and the waiter could easily change places and play each other's parts to word perfection.

"Fish soup, *pasta* in broth, minestrone," the waiter tells him.

Don Erminio hesitates. "Any rice in broth?"

The waiter thinks about this. There is a moment of delightful suspense. "Yes," he finally says. "We can do you rice in broth."

"Well, I think I'll have that," Don Erminio says.

The waiter pretends to note something down and turns slowly away. He does not go, however, awaiting an inevitable question, while Don Erminio unfolds the morning paper. Don Erminio glances at the headlines and his blood pressure goes up a few points. "Our poor colonies," he says. "They want to squeeze the very blood out of our veins . . . is it cooked first?"

"The blood?" says the waiter, confused. His mind is wandering. It's the first time he has ever been caught out like this.

"No, the rice."

"The rice . . . yes, of course." Don Erminio grunts with relief.

At this moment the show fish is whisked past on its salver. Minozzi's still has a few fish eaters tucked away in a corner. The show fish is a splendid specimen, chosen only for its looks, with a fine, regular head and a good colour. It bears no relation to what has already been prepared. As usual, Don Erminio follows its passage with a stirring of interest. The waiter says: "And after the soup—a nice cutlet of hake?"

Don Erminio thinks this over and finally shakes his head, saying as he has done for as long as he can remember, "No, I think I'll have a risotto."

"Wine?" asks the waiter.

"A half of Frascati."

The waiter snaps his book in which nothing has been written and goes away. He is back immediately with the wine; takes out the cork and pours a drop into a glass.

Don Erminio sniffs at the wine and pushes the glass away from him. "Please smell that," he says.

"What's wrong with it?" the waiter asks.

"I'm asking you."

The waiter snatches the bottle away, goes behind a screen and returns with it, seeming, by a manœuvre in which he has acquired incredible skill, to draw out a fresh cork. Don Erminio is satisfied this time, and all the agreeable preliminaries being now at an end, the second stage of the drama, the consumption of the meal itself, begins.

Don Erminio takes about an hour and a half to eat his meal. He eats with utter concentration, wholly absorbed, as if in a solemn rite. Slowly his eyes glaze over; he sees nothing but his emptying plate and beyond it the blurred and slightly wavering outline of the piano player. The onset of digestion brings its unfailing sense of peace that will remain with him, like a faithful companion, during the long hours separating him from dinner.

Now the moment has arrived to dislodge the napkin from his collar, to lean back luxuriously relaxed against the bench's padded upholstery, and there he is with eyes half closed, when suddenly he makes out a dim form sitting at the table opposite him. With some effort he opens his eyes fully and recognises the waiter. There is something faintly alarming about this just as there would be if the officiating priest at the Easter mass in the cathedral were suddenly to light up a cigar. And now Don Erminio notices that there is a peculiar atmosphere in the place. The waiter picks up the note Don Erminio has left as a tip, holds it up to the light and pockets it. "How was the risotto?"

Don Erminio can't express enthusiasm, but he nods and says, "Ah." This is his highest praise.

"And the soup?" asks the waiter. "Up to standard?"

Don Erminio nods and says "Ah" again, but bewilderment spreads like a creeping paralysis.

"Good," the waiter says. "Glad you enjoyed it, because there won't be any more where that came from." He takes the cigarette out of his mouth and spits in Don Erminio's own, private spittoon. By this time Don Erminio realises that something terrible has happened. "You've had your last meal here," the waiter says. "We're closing down to-night."

His tone isn't unkind. He notices that, as usual, Don Erminio's midday bottle of Frascati is half full and reaches over to the next table for a clean glass. "Don't suppose you'll be wanting this," he says. ". . . with your permission." Don Erminio nods with dazed courtesy, still unable to speak. The waiter gulps down a glass of wine and smacks his lips. "The cook refused to join the union," he says. "So the rest of the kitchen staff announced they were going on strike."

Don Erminio doesn't see the point. "There's plenty more kitchen staff to be got, isn't there?"

"Not to work with a non-union cook," the waiter says, spitting again in Don Erminio's spittoon. "Any way, Minozzi said he didn't want any trouble with Socialism in his restaurant, so he sold out." "And quite right too," Don Erminio starts to say. Then he remembers the tragedy in which this political obduracy of Minozzi's has involved him.

When he leaves the restaurant Don Erminio is dazed with misery. The whole pattern of his existence has been broken into pieces. He has stuck to his post in Minozzi's through thick and thin. Not even the Allied bombardments ever made him miss a single meal there. With bombs falling all over the place he sat there unmoved, insisting on the rice in the soup being cooked first, turning down the offer of fish, sniffing suspiciously at the wine, piling the risotto on to his knife and thrusting it imperturbably into his mouth. Many times he has been complimented on his example of cool fortitude and determination. They couldn't bomb him out of Minozzi's; but where massed formations of Flying Fortresses failed, Socialism has succeeded.

There is a saddler's shop just down the road from the restaurant, and he goes in. "What have you got in the way of rope?" he asks. The saddler kicks at a pile in the corner. Don Erminio inspects it without enthusiasm. It is bright yellow hemp twisted up locally by the peasants, and the strands have harsh, glassy edges. He notices a coil of fine-looking white rope which probably has a lot of cotton in its composition. "That's more the kind of thing I had in mind," he says. "Imported, I sup-

pose." He has always been a snob for the exotic. "Quite so," the saddler tells him. "In hundred metre lengths only."

Don Erminio's lifetime habit of economy cries out against the purchase of twenty times more than he needs; besides that, how is he going to take a hundred-metre coil away with him when it won't even go into a taxi? "I'll tell you what," the saddler suggests. "I could order a short length specially for you. Have it here by this time to-morrow." "Yes, do that," Don Erminio says. "Make it ten metres."

Next day Don Erminio is back at the saddler's. He has just lunched atrociously in a place where the radio bellowed at him right through the meal, while a pair of lovers sat mauling each other at his table, and the waiter, instead of replying to civil questions about the food and wine, shrugged his shoulders and went off without a word. Don Erminio couldn't finish his meal. He asked for his bill and cleared off. However, the specially ordered length of best imported rope has arrived and is already done up in a neat parcel. He is just about to pay when he notices that the customer who is buying a dog collar is none other than the waiter from Minozzi's.

"Just managed to sneak out for a minute," the waiter says with a grin. "Didn't see you for lunch to-day."

"Well, naturally," Don Erminio says. "Seeing that the place is closed."

"Oh, that," the waiter says. "No, it's all off. Didn't anybody tell you? Turns out the buyer was a Red, and the boss wouldn't take his money. If he had to compromise his principles, he said, he might as well stay as he was."

"I honour him," Don Erminio says, "but what about the cook?"

"Minozzi persuaded him to join the union," says the waiter, "so everything's fine."

"Is lunch finished?" Don Erminio asks as they walk towards the door.

"Well," the waiter says, "in the circumstances we might manage something for you. By the way, you've forgotten your parcel."

"So I have," Don Erminio says. He goes back to the counter trying to think up an excuse for not taking the rope. Finally he gives in, pays and picks up his parcel. The fact is, he doesn't want to look ridiculous, and besides that, he thinks, how does anyone these days know what the future holds in store for him. . . .

NORMAN LEWIS

THE THREAT IS OVER

The threat is over but old threats remain:
The tree plumps out its easter bloom
But skies assemble caterwauling rain,
A threat is over but old threats remain.

The hero loosened from his chalky pain
Cuts off the plated head, but look!
Five heads sprout up again:
A threat is over but old threats remain.

Millennial science clarifies the brain,
Neuroses vanish and no man is poor.
The outraged atom pulls the local train,
A threat is over but old threats remain.

Tigers are now extinct, yet rabbits may complain
Their lives are short when thirsty weasels
Thread their country lane,
And threats are over but old threats remain.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

The Arts and Entertainment

FERNAND LÉGER

DR. H. KAHNWEILER, in his book on Gris, refers to Léger as one of "the four great painters" who were responsible for the development of Cubism —Braque, Gris and Picasso being the other three. Although I now agree that Léger is a very remarkable painter it would not occur to me to equate him with Picasso or Braque: but perhaps that is because my admiration for him is comparatively recent. My conversion dates from the moment, about two years ago, when I saw some detail reproductions from a big, recent painting by Léger. These showed a close-up of a small section of the design: four pigeons, I think, defined by a flowing black outline, even in both its thickness and its blackness, upon a ground of whitish impasto. (Though not numbered in the catalogue the picture is included in the present Arts Council exhibition of 72 pictures at the Tate: it is the large picture of bicyclists in the entrance lobby.) Reproduced almost to scale, one got the full quality of the brush work in that detail photograph: its texture (which is both brutally energetic and beautifully controlled) was in itself evidence of the hand (and mind) of a master.

There is nothing strange in this. A great painter is one whose work is dominated—*permeated*, rather—by a completely unique rhythm. Since this rhythm is inherent in all he does it can be detected as certainly in the smaller as in the larger passages of a canvas, even when they are isolated from the whole. But now that we may study canvases from every stage of Léger's career, from the pre-Cubist *Corsican Village: Sunset*, (number 2), of 1905, through the conventional Cubist works of the ten years from 1908 to 1918 to the utterly personal discoveries which have followed since, it looks as though this wandering, heavy line contains the essential Léger. I call the majority of works (in this exhibition) executed before 1918 "conventional" Cubism because, while they are unmistakably contemporaneous with the "analytical Cubist" works of Picasso and Braque, they are, surely, inferior to them. Things like *The 14th of July:* 1913 (number 9), or *Still life with open book*, 1914 (number 11), are little more than decorative—so loose are they in structure, so summary in execution. And even the surprisingly delicate yet much-worked-out *The woman in blue*, 1912 (number 7), is no match, *plastically*, for equivalent Picassos—that is, Picassos of the same or a slightly earlier date. One has only to go to the modern French room in the same building and compare Picasso's *Femme assise* or *Buste*—the most magnificent of the Tate's recent acquisitions—to realise Picasso's immense superiority not only plastically, but altogether as an easel painter. It was not until Léger abandoned the still Cézanne-inspired and essentially sculptural planes of "analytical Cubism" in favour of a mode which employed large flat and mostly geometrical patches of colour that his style began to crystallise. And from this point (about 1918) onwards this "patterning" style has developed logically until Léger is commonly referred to to-day as the modern master of mural painting.

Flat is a word with a score of meanings as applied to painting. If I say that Léger's paintings are "flatter" after 1918 than before that date I do not mean that their total effect is, by comparison, a denial of space. I mean that whereas almost any piece in the design of a picture painted before 1918 (in *The Card Players*, 1917, for instance) was itself a plane tipping away from the picture surface, after 1918 most pieces of the design were simply flat patches of colour; that is, the planes they evoked were parallel to the picture surface. The limbs of the three soldiers in *The Card Players* are reconstructed as geometrical forms and these forms are then "portrayed" realistically. The picture space is a deep hole full of tin cylinders of every shape and size—torsos, forearms, fingers. Every shape is three-dimensional: nothing lies parallel to the picture surface, to the extent that it can be indicated by a flat marking off of a section of that surface. But the exact opposite is true when we come to the monumental and calm *Mother and Child*, of 1922 (number 23). Here the very terms he uses to convey his spatial theme of a figure lying in a deck chair across an open french window are flat. A flatly coloured section of the picture surface is now the unit by which Léger creates his illusion of forms in space: there are no planes other than these differently coloured segments of the surface: but on account of differing colour and tone these sections advance or recede. It is this differentiation in depth between one flat patch and the next which creates that version of space that Léger has made his own.

But there is, in *Mother and Child*, one other device for defining form in space, in addition to the juxtaposing of flat patches: the soft gradation of a light into a dark indicates rotundity. This most refined formal convention, in alliance with the sharp patchwork, provides Léger with at least half of his pictorial vocabulary. The other resources upon which he draws—and latterly they have been most used—are linear.

In *The Dance*, 1942 (number 37), the figures exist simply as great black outlines superimposed across dancing rectilinear strips and sheets of flat, pure colour which, in turn, lie scattered over an off-white ground. These heavily rhythmic lines wander, with the slow un-nervous force of twisted iron work, across the unmodulated areas of strident colour. His blunt, heavy brush is incapable of the electric finesse of Braque's elegant, firm touch; it cannot record the nuances of tone found in Picasso, nor does it register much variety in the texture of paint. The handling is remarkably even. Nevertheless, to one who has ceased to resist the vision, the quality of the skills in Léger's art becomes apparent. If you stay among these paintings long enough for the harshness of form and the acid bleakness of colour to wear off you may soon respond to their essential qualities—a virility of drawing, an immensely economical design and a functional use of colour that is extremely single-minded and brave. For subtlety in Léger is more intellectual than sensuous (though the details in the wonderful *The Forest*, 1942 (number 38)—tendrils and birds and insects —are superbly sensuous in their paint).

But the proof of Léger's greatness is not in the detail: it is in the immensely strong, slow beat of his pulse. The total configuration of each canvas is what counts and that (in his later works) is invariably complete, rounded off, full, and quite unlike anything else in the world.

PATRICK HERON

RADIO NOTES

Portrait of James Joyce was so good as to put the rest of the week's listening substantially in the shade. But why misuse language for the sake of a snappy title; and why, above all, do this when celebrating one for whom words alone were certain good? A portrait in any sense worth considering is a work of art, and nothing of the sort could be created by the cloud of

witnesses loosed upon us in W. R. Rodgers' thronging programme. Here was at once something less than a portrait and more: the raw material of biographical record tumbling into the room in a concentration such as only the medium of radio could achieve. It was in the directness of the experience that the fascination lay. Had each of the speakers come forward with a short considered essay the effect would have been flat and disjointed. But in these recorded conversations the impression of persons striving for recollection was wonderfully vivid.

Joyce's own memory—particularly his verbal memory—was prodigious; he would be offended, we were told, if a friend were unable to recall *verbatim* a conversation of forty years before; yet his constant wariness in the face of oblivion was such that he was never unprovided with tablets upon which to arrest the most fugitive expressions of the Word. And not Wordsworth or Proust more massively founded his art upon an obstinate retrospection. Without taste in the material furnishings of life, he had no prized possessions save of the memorial sort: a picture of Cork framed in cork; a rug with an inwoven line, apparently meaningless but in fact representing the course of the Liffey from source to sea; a few objects, fetichistic in cast, recalling that garter-and-knicker-sexuality, the chronicling of which, it seems, Bernard Shaw regarded as Joyce's main contribution to Irish culture.

We are resigned to not knowing whether Shakespeare died a papist, or after a drinking-bout, but ought we not to have assured intelligence of an event as recent as Joyce's funeral? An eye-witness gave us, indeed, a graphic account: no religious ceremony; the dead man's friends, therefore, standing awkwardly around, uncertain how to proceed; the distant howling of wild beasts in the Zürich zoo; a crazy, deaf old man, a familiar of the place, demanding the name of the person to be buried; the reiterated and mounting shouts of *Joyce, Joyce* which as a consequence accompanied the descent of the coffin into the grave. But there is, I believe, an alternative description, which retains the howling of the beasts, adds a British Consul with a prayer-book, and substitutes for the deaf old man an idiot boy, prodigal of a language private to himself. And one suspects that the mythopoeic faculty somewhat crudely at work in the latter version may already be operative, unconsciously and more delicately, in the former. Time is on the side of the historian, but fights against the chronicler.

Exiles, well produced by John Keir Cross and with excellent playing by Robert Harris and Kathleen Michael, revealed itself as having little significance in the development of Joyce's art. Who, savouring this flat decoction of Ibsen and Guinness, could have guessed that already in the same cellar there lay maturing the strong dark wine of *Ulysses?* MICHAEL INNES

THE MOVIES

"Madeleine," at the Leicester Square "The Angel with the Trumpet," at the Plaza "Italian Straw Hat," at the Everyman

The interest of the Madeleine Smith arsenic case—and it has considerable interest—is twofold: it prises wide a crack in the façade of mid-Victorian romance, and it leaves a mystery unsolved. We may and probably shall feel pretty sure (as no doubt did the jury) that Miss Smith poisoned the pretty little warehouse clerk who used to tap on her basement window at nights, and who wouldn't be tamely thrown over for a middle-aged suitor more suitable to the drawing-room. We can never be *quite* sure; there are important holes in the evidence, and too many questions remain without an answer. How, for example, in even the grittiest cocoa, can she have managed to make her lover gulp down arsenic, not once but on three occasions, and the last time in such really enormous quantities that he must have found some difficulty in swallowing it? Did he never suspect this too-passionate brew? It seems from a certain repeated comment that he did. Then was it a kind of overruling persuasion on her part and weak-nerved acquiescence on his? Even that may have been possible; again there is the helpful tittle of report. What is undeniable is that Madeleine Smith and L'Angelier had their fling at a grand passion, that he wouldn't marry her without her money and she wouldn't introduce him to her family, and that their two years' association ended in a welter of lies and blackmail, with murder (or, conceivably, the suicide of the weaker) as the only way out.

Now, what does the film *Madeleine* make of all this? It tries to prop up the "innocence" of the central figure; it fabricates evidence to that end; Madeleine Smith herself (in the very pleasing person of Miss Ann Todd) becomes sad, thoughtful, beautiful and ladylike, whereas in fact she was passionate, vulgar, and a confirmed hypocrite. That mid-century middle-class manners almost compelled her (being as she was) to cloak her sex, and to lead two lives, one for papa upstairs and another for her lover in the maid's bedroom, forms indeed her chief claim to sympathy. The frankness of her love letters shocked far more than the accusation of murder. There, and in her neurotic force of character, should lie the strength of this drama; and by making it a conventional romance between ill-starred partners, with a pinch of poison mysteriously thrown in, Mr. David Lean has abandoned every chance of making his story dramatic. The characters can't come to life, the situation doesn't clinch, we are left with a trial that would take some sitting out if it weren't mercifully skimped. True, Mr. Lean contrives an animated background and the prettiest of dresses for his heroine; his skill ensures that our disappointment shall be as agreeable as possible. But why, if you want to be romantic, choose the most unromantic of subjects? Why cheat reality when you can't improve on it? I feel that a wonderful chance has been missed with the white-washed, or lavender-washed, figures of *Madeleine*. The facts (which will be found in a volume of the Notable British Trials series) assert their own intensity. Madeleine Smith's essential last word is that she escaped hanging, faced her family (including the dreaded father) boldly, migrated to America, was twice married, and lived to the age of 93. Miss Todd's regretful ghost of a smile as she drives away in a closed carriage hardly conveys that.

Another English film, *The Angel with the Trumpet*, sets out with every decent intention to tell the story of a Viennese Jewess who begins loving a Hapsburg and ends by jumping out of the window to escape the Nazis. The whole decline and fall of the old Austria thus passes in review. But what a wooden and, as time goes on, perfunctory cavalcade it all makes! Only some elegant sets at the beginning and the presence of Miss Eileen Herlie in the chief part redeem a film that steadily deteriorates with the collapse it portrays. And even she—when shall we have the pleasure of seeing her in the right role and the right film?—can do little more than look beautiful, talk melodiously, and move with dignity. My chief memory of this piece is of seeing Miss Herlie walk with incomparable slowness out of rooms.

The Everyman returns to the revels of René Clair's *Italian Straw Hat*. Of all comedies the gayest and cruellest, says a never-ending farewell to silence. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"La Traviata," at the Sadler's Wells

Marjorie Shires is the most promising of the younger singers at Sadler's Wells, and those who have seen her Donna Elvira will be curious to know what she makes of the heroine of *La Traviata*. Though she is not yet vocally mature for the part, and can hardly bring to the two central scenes the warmth of tone and sensuous feeling for ample melodic curves which they demand, she achieved a brilliant first act (concluding with a noteworthy *Sempre libera*) and a truly pathetic last act. It was in these two acts also that the conductor, Michael Mudie, excelled. In the intervening scenes it was not quite clear how far the lack of Verdian impulse, especially among the men, should be traced to his beat; but he must bear the blame for allowing Arnold Matters to race through *Di Provenza* (which can be made deeply affecting) in the jog-trot style of a popular ballad, and for taking the G minor episode (*Morrà; la mia memoria*) in the big soprano-baritone duet at a pace which makes it almost jaunty. Rowland Jones has some good ringing notes in his voice, but a more wooden Alfredo it would be hard to find: he seemed very much a chip of the old block. As the Old Block himself, Arnold Matters atoned for a too rigid cantilena by accomplished acting and enunciation which was a model of clarity. The smaller parts were satisfactory, though Annina must avoid the slightest hint of the *soubrette*. William Chappell has designed four attractive sets, which make the most of the small stage and give a clever impression of solidity. Joan Cross produced with taste and judgment: rarely have the innumerable letters and documents of the second act explained themselves so clearly to the audience. But who on earth was that female member of the chorus, who, during the gambling scene, filched wads of banknotes from Alfred's trouser-pockets and proceeded to stuff them (with a minimum of secrecy) down the front of her décolleté ball-dress? She seemed to have wandered into Flora's elegant assembly out of *The Beggar's Opera*.

"Don Quixote," at Covent Garden

Not for a long time has a ballet been so fortunate in its score. Mr. Gerhard beats out a subtle, constantly changing rhythm—dancing to it must be a delight—then weaves above and around it a descant which is always melodious and dramatic. As in Britten there are echoes of other composers—among them of Bizet and Stravinsky—but all is beautifully fused. Here we have a serious musician who seems to know exactly what to do in the theatre, and who is naturally at home in the Spanish idiom. And yet such an excellent choreographer as Miss de Valois has missed her opportunity. As always, her feeling for mime is excellent, her grouping pictorially admirable; and we cannot deny that specific passages of her ballet are entirely successful: for instance the dancing, ideally suited to Miss Fonteyn, in the first scene: the ingenious *pas de deux* with a lance for the same dancer (as the Lady Dulcinea) and Robert Helpmann (as Don Quixote): the *pas de deux* for the Shepherd and Shepherdess and the whimsical conceit of the windmills. All the same one never feels the choreography growing out of the score, the dancing never throbs or flows like the music. (It was not as if Mr. Robert Irving did not conduct with understanding and *brio*.) In anything so picaresque as *Don Quixote* some sort of rise and fall is essential. Each incident must have its climax, if the whole is to have any force, let alone shape, but the only climaxes were in the music. The Company served Miss de Valois as nobly as ever. Alexander Grant has created in Sancho Panza another well-characterised role. Only Mr. Helpmann's Don was a disappointment. This dancer can ordinarily dominate a stage, but here he failed to convey the over life-size buffoonery, the *panache*, the pathos of Cervantes' superb hero. Mr. Edward Burra, like many other painters who incline to drama on paper or canvas, somehow fails to be theatrical on the stage. However those who like his pictures will enjoy his sets.

"A Husband on the Mat" and "Augélique," at the Fortune Theatre

The London Opera Club, which has lately earned our gratitude by reviving Cimarosa's *Secret Marriage*, presented this week a double bill of French one-act operettas with farcical plots. The result illustrated, more devastatingly than could have been intended, the decline of melody and theatrical good manners between 1859 and 1927. Offenbach's *Un Mari à la Porte* is no more than an airy trifle; but it is stylish, inventive, charming and full of good tunes; the score bubbles with extravagantly high spirits, and if the spoken dialogue has dated—well, that is the sad fate of all operettas. In a Parisian apartment (prettily devised by Stanley Moore) Max Worthley, Maureen Springer, Rose Hill and Ernest Urbach cavorted and sang with spirit and as much elegance as could

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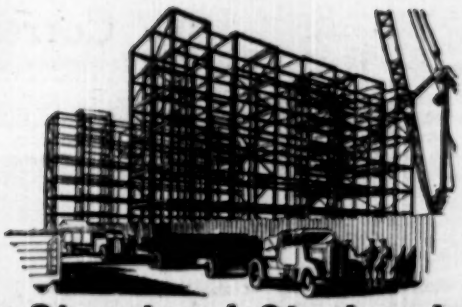

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THE SURNAME OF A THOUSAND THINGS

reasonably be expected; Mark Lubbock conducted admirably. With *Angélique*, we left the drawing-room of fantastic gaiety, and entered the slums of crude knockabout. The music (of which there is very little) has a funny moment or two, but little of Ibert's characteristic flavour. The libretto (by Nino) is the saddest of hackwork: a single desperately flat idea, four times repeated, and enlivened by all the stalest tricks in the low comedian's repertory. Possibly, just conceivably, at the Opéra Comique *Angélique* reveals some compensating virtues; in English, its cheapness was stressed to the point of acute embarrassment. The bulk of the audience, however, made it clear that you can't aim too low, or lay it on too thick.

"Desire Caught by the Tail," at the Rudolf Steiner Hall

The first full-scale play-reading organised by the Institute of Contemporary Arts at least served to demonstrate that the rehearsed play reading might, given adequate material, provide a most entertaining evening. A distinguished cast of amateurs and professionals has been assembled by Mr. Eric Capon. Mr. Valentine Dyall led the professionals with enormous *brio*, while Miss Hilda Simms looked irresistible. The amateurs provided the comic faces, Mr. Randall Swingler's peeping out of his bat-like shoulders; Mr. R. D. Smith's owlishly interrupting and Mr. Dylan Thomas's, solemn as a moon-calf. So far, so good. Unfortunately the pieces presented did not give these talents any chance. Blake's *An Island in the Moon*, scrappy, repetitive and school-boyish, is a just bearable joke. M. Picasso's piece not even that. Doubtless this had private associations and private jokes to recommend it to its original performers. But to us it seemed of an absolutely monumental boringness and silliness. Anyone of last week's audience could, we suspect, have knocked up something more pointful; and it seems a curious waste of time and talent on the part of the Institute of Contemporary Arts. Works not names we suggest as a suitable principle on which to pick their productions in the future.

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Correspondence

A FILM BAN

SIR,—It is, of course, understandable that in the period of a General Election campaign, issues which are not directly associated with the election tend to fall into the background until the election is over. Nevertheless, we hope the public will not overlook the significance of the events which occurred at the New Gallery cinema when "Sword in the Desert" was being shown, and which were followed by the L.C.C. calling on the licensee of the cinema to withdraw the film.

The statement made by the Permanent Secretary of the Home Office to the Clerk of the L.C.C. was that "information had come into the possession of the Police that there might be serious outbreaks at the next performances of the film, that they were likely to be of a nature where there would be a grave risk of loss of life, that the Police could not and would not be responsible for safeguarding the audience, and that the Council must accordingly accept full responsibility for what might occur if action were not taken immediately by the Council as licensing authority under its rules of management."

If the information in the possession of the police was so specific and if it was possible for the L.C.C. to say categorically that the disturbance on the previous evening was created by certain known Fascist elements, it is difficult to understand why the police were unable to take action to endeavour to avert the danger and give adequate protection to the cinema audience.

Undoubtedly a most serious situation has arisen, which is not affected by the merits or demerits of the film being shown. If now a small minority of Fascists is able to secure the withdrawal of a film which does not meet with their approval, by a threat of violence, endangering public safety, then the showing of films in any area will be dependent on the ability of the film to gain the approval of organised hooligans.

Quite clearly the situation cannot be left as it is, and it is to be hoped that all who are concerned with the freedom of the individual to view the entertainment which he desires, without endangering his safety or his life, will insist on obtaining from the Home Office and the County licensing authorities a very clear statement that any repetition of this incident will not be tolerated.

The National Council for Civil Liberties, ELIZABETH A. ALLEN
General Secretary
46 Westbourne Grove, London, W.2.

SHORTAGE OF TEACHERS

SIR,—Dr. James' article rightly sounds the alarm. A teacher himself, he realises that here is more than an economic problem, though he does not belittle the case for paying higher salaries to men of high academic qualifications.

It is important, however, to review the situation from a socio-psychological angle. During many years' experience as senior sixth form mistress in a girls' high school I repeatedly met with either indignant refusal or with melancholy resignation when I suggested teaching as a career. If I pursued the subject the same reasons were always given: "I don't want to be in school all my life"; "school rules are irksome"; "school marms are unpopular"; and so on. Boys of high academic ability look for work in "higher" spheres and rarely look forward to spending their lives with children. Their teachers are overburdened and many of their acquaintances openly discourage them from entering the profession.

Socially the teacher is regarded as a "different" being. The word "pedagogue" is disparaging and few teachers will describe themselves as such. Women teachers, for many reasons that cannot be expounded here, particularly loathe the label.

It is time that the "adventure" value of teaching should be realised. It is every bit as exciting and could certainly be as scientific as, say, medicine. But, like medicine, it is an art, and knowledge of one subject is not enough. However, outside training institutions, research in educational psychology is often regarded with suspicion. Teachers have a great responsibility in this respect. They have had to accept intelligence tests but a great many speak of them as they used to do of the headmaster's "queer notions." They think—I need not say that there are many exceptions—that constant contact with children gives them an insight by means of which they can either solve all problems or declare them insoluble.

So, the watertight compartments are preserved. The public regards the teacher as a narrow—therefore ignorant—specialist. "I know best what is good for my child," says the parent. The teacher, in his turn, looks upon the educational research worker as a narrow specialist, "I know best what is good for my pupils," is his attitude.

Timetables at present hardly allow teachers to pursue their studies except at very great cost to themselves. The weekly 30-35 period system was established at a time when teaching was regarded merely as a practical, intuitive job; but even if it were made more humane it is doubtful whether the majority of teachers would choose to study educational psychology, as long as the prejudice subsists. They must first come to realise that it is as absurd to refuse this help as for the family doctor to refuse to call in the specialist on the plea that he himself knows the patient best. Only then will teachers see the status of their profession raised to the level of the other and at present more attractive ones. E. L. HERBERT
University of Manchester.

HOUSING RECORD

SIR,—Labour's housing record is no matter for congratulation. The facts are that only a small proportion of the ten-year target of 4,000,000 houses has been achieved and that the present rate of building is not even enough to keep pace with fresh demand and obsolescence let alone to carry out vast arrears and slum clearance.

This failure (it has no other name) cannot be altogether blamed on crises, capital cuts, lack of labour and shortage of timber. It is chiefly due to the fact that the problem has not been tackled with the foresight, initiative and, particularly, imagination which one has the right to expect from a Socialist government.

Land nationalisation and nationalisation of the building industry are two essentials to an efficiently planned programme, but the clue to the most important single step towards a solution is unconsciously contained in Critic's Diary (*N.S. & N.*, Feb. 11, 1950), in another paragraph lauding the achievements of the Health Minister, where he writes, "workers prefer the warmth and company in factories to slopping about in the wet with bricks and mortar."

Building is the only major industry to have come through the industrial revolution practically unscathed. Organisation and techniques are fantastically outmoded. The cure is in the controlled conditions of the factory—the mechanisation of the industry. Government departments must stop thinking of prefabrication as a stop-gap remedy by means of which shoddy temporary buildings can be erected, each one the same as the next regardless of siting and requirements. They must start to think in terms of the rationalisation and standardisation of units smaller than the complete house yet larger than the brick.

The architects' department of the Hertfordshire County Council has made tremendous strides, apparently unnoticed, towards a new approach. In the execution of a long-term school building programme it has developed a series of standard, factory produced, components which can be assembled with complete flexibility to suit differing site conditions and requirements. Site work and labour force are reduced and the result is that schools are built faster, more cheaply, and many of us would say with greater merit, educationally and architecturally, than those of any other local authority.

The culminating achievement to date of the architects department of the Hertfordshire County Council is the production of a further refined structural system applicable not only to school building but to all kinds of local authority work (health centres fire stations, etc.). A prototype school using this structure is now building at Oxhey. The site is eloquently symbolic of the horrid gap between possibility and practice; for this fine building, erected in a few weeks by a tiny labour force, is surrounded by a sea of traditional and semi-traditional houses, their bricks

being laboriously piled one on top of the other. Were one addicted to animism one might suppose that they turned their backs on this newcomer in their midst, that they were afraid to see and to acknowledge this clean-limbed revolutionary. COLIN BOATMAN
The Architectural Association,
Students Club,
34 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

SIR,—In reference to your editorial article on housing, I would like to focus attention on your concluding sentence—"The speed at which it [housing problem] is solved will depend on the proportion of our limited national resources devoted to housing's great competitor—rearmament."

For what purpose are the people of England sacrificing heir carly prospects of rehousing? Security or war? Its the best way to live in peace with one's neighbour to prepare weapons with which to strike him? Would anyone expect a man to profess friendship with him while he holds a gun to his head? The most unimaginative among us would expect an individual to flourish a gun in return, yet it is still not recognised on a national scale that total disarmament is the first essential for peace.

While rearmament is competing with housing it would be more realistic to cease building altogether, for to build houses in order to have them flattened is surely the height of absurdity.

56 Grove Street, MARGARET GARDINER.
Liverpool 7.

THE HYDROGEN BOMB

SIR,—To many of us it is difficult to understand how an issue such as the making or not making of a hydrogen bomb could require much serious discussion, ending moreover in the terrible decision to proceed with the production of it.

As we see it, this armaments race is not only the height of folly—since who does not know in his heart that that race does not end in safety but in catastrophe in which we are all involved?—but it is also morally wrong. We are diverting from right and proper ends all the talents, the ingenuity, the service of the men engaged in this work and the vast sums of money spent on it. For all these there is useful, constructive work waiting to be done in the building of a peaceful, harmonious, happy life for the children of men.

We welcome, therefore, the generous and statesmanlike suggestions of Senator McMahon and the considerable support given to them in the Senate and the press in America. Such action on the part of the U.S. would go a long way towards breaking through the wall of misunderstanding and fear that exists between Russia and the West. We would urge that we, in this country, should accept the suggestions gladly for ourselves believing that this is a positive contribution to the creation of peace among men. JOYCE L. STEWART, *Chairman*,
T. GEOFFREY AYRE, *Secretary*,
Warwickshire Peace Committee
of the Society of Friends.

8 Dr. Johnson Passage,
Birmingham, 4.

REPORT ON GREECE

SIR,—I was very pleased to read the excellent article by Basil Davidson on Greek Trade Unions in your journal. I could have wished, however, that Mr. Davidson had touched on the fate of the genuine trade union leaders, elected, let us not forget, under British Trade Union Congress supervision.

Last month in Prague I had the pleasure of meeting in person the present General Secretary of the genuine Greek Trade Union Congress, Kostas Theos. I have known him for a long time through correspondence, as my union has maintained fraternal relations with the Greek Tobacco Workers' Union over the past five years. Theos had succeeded Paparigas as General Secretary, when the latter was found hanged in his prison cell whilst awaiting court martial trial. His staged "suicide" had been prophesied six months earlier by the free Greek Radio.

Of the other six elected to the Executive Committee of the Greek T.U.C. at the 1946 Congress, Arabatzis was shot down, unarmed, as he was trying to escape to the mountains. Dimitriou was hurried to the firing squad even before the elapse of the three days required by Greek martial law, in order to avoid the world outcry which has so far saved the leaders of the Seamens' Union. D. Georgiou, President of the Electrical Workers' Union, was executed a few hours after Mr. McNeil had successfully opposed a Polish move at Uno to halt all Greek political executions.

Theos himself, who has already spent 15 years of his life in Greek prisons as a result of his trade union activity, has escaped abroad, but the Greek authorities, foiled in their attempt to incarcerate him once more, have succeeded in getting hold of his young son Zisis, whom they have held prisoner since April, 1948, without charge or trial, on the concentration camp island of Makronessos.

No wonder Mr. Davidson writes: "to say that the Greek Trade Union Movement is a travesty of what it ought to be is an understatement," when all the real leaders of the Greek workers are in jail, in hiding or in exile, and many of them have paid the supreme penalty, or live in fear that their dear ones will pay it for them. P. BELCHER,
General Secretary.

The Tobacco Workers' Union,
22-25 Chain Street,
Reading.

SIR,—Greeks might well feel flattered that you should have devoted six articles in your journal to their country if there had bern one word of sympathetic understanding. A factual answer has already appeared on the subject of abducted children, an answer which I could elaborate from recent talks with experienced observers of the Balkan Commission in Kastoria and Kavalla.

But I confine myself to the four articles of Mr. Basil Davidson. One would hardly believe that he was writing of the Greece that has lost half a million dead from invasion and guerillas, of the Greece that, until a few months ago, had 700,000 refugees out of a population of 7,000,000, that has lost 23 per cent. of its houses, 78 per cent. of its shipping, most of its bridges, hydraulic installations, and, as other correspondents have noted, an alarming number of its schools (see the Unesco report by Mary Trevelyan). Only now is it possible to begin genuine reconstruction.

I am only too aware that in many respects Greek ways are not our ways; but is everything in Britain and America, or Bulgaria and Moscow, so pure and democratic? I have seen a courageous people setting about reconstruction with a new will; I have seen American field officers and scores of British officials and welfare workers co-operating to assist in that reconstruction; I have seen a new vitality in literature and the arts; I have experienced kindness in villages and towns, from all kinds and classes. There is another Greece to see, if the eye is not jaundiced. I freely admit that there are black spots and inefficient administrators; but this is common form in all countries, even in those who have had five years of security to rebuild their social services and increase their capital investment. If Mr. Davidson writes as a Socialist he is entitled to make similar criticisms of most countries in the world, albeit with some sense of perspective. But I have just read his book *Partisan Picture*, and the concluding pages of that volume testify that his observations in 1945 are all of a piece with his articles in 1950. If the policy he then advocated had been subsequently followed, Greece, by now, would be "safely" behind the Iron Curtain. What does he really want to-day?
KENNETH LINDSAY

Athenæum Club.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—In your article on "The Catholics and Their Schools" you make repeated references to the "agreement" of 1944. Such an agreement never was in fact achieved. Catholics showed clearly that they were dissatisfied with the financial provisions of the 1944 Act. They nevertheless expressed their willingness and determination to make the Act work. This has been rendered impossible by the vastly increased building costs.

As in most rejoinders to the Catholic claim, your article begs the question "Is Education the right of the parent or the State?" It is in this that the answer to the religious controversy lies. B. A. GODWIN.

245 Wimbledon Park Road,
London, S.W.18.

PROFESSIONAL

SIR,—Mr. R. H. S. Crossman's very fair review of my autobiography *Truth Will Out* seems to me to raise an interesting point, namely, "What constitutes a professional politician!"

As far as my own alleged amateurishness in this respect is concerned, I do not wish to parade any personal claims. Nevertheless, I would point out with all deference that I was a Labour Party member of St. Pancras Borough Council from 1940 to 1944, and that I was offered a constituency to nurse, prior to the 1945 election, by Transport House, where, apparently, my political qualifications were more highly thought of than by your reviewer.

Although I refused this offer for reasons explained in *Truth Will Out*, others, possibly similarly placed, did, in fact, become members of the last Parliament. I can think of at least half a dozen journalists, one successful dramatist, and many doctors, barristers, and other professional men, who, until recently, sat on the Government back benches. Were they, too only amateur politicians? CHARLOTTE HALDANE

London, S.W.7.

RALPH FOX

SIR,—Many of your readers will be friends and admirers of Ralph Fox, journalist, author, literary critic and historian who fell fighting Fascism in Spain, 1937. They will be pleased to learn that the town of his birth has at last decided to honour him. A widely representative committee has been formed in Halifax to raise sufficient funds to acquire a seat and plaque in Bull Green, to endow an annual Book Prize at his old school, Heath Grammar, and finally to endow an annual Memorial Lecture.

Anyone wishing to help may do so by sending donations to the Treasurer, Mr. Eric D. Tuke, Lea House, Wainstalls, Halifax. I. L. POPE

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Books in General

For one hundred and eighty years the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini has diverted a large number of English readers in every generation. Indeed, the English, perhaps, because of their taste for eccentrics and for ripe and unabashed human portraiture in the 18th century, were the first to translate him from the Italian; and when the French and Germans followed, the fame of the book caught the Romantic movement at the flow. That is to say when, with faith in nature, love of energy and the sense of human beings as autonomous, emotional tumult, the long Romantic rule began. A second Renaissance looked back upon the first, and Cellini (as Mr. John Pope-Hennessy says in a thoughtful and instructive introduction to this new edition) is seen fermenting to the life in the historical novels of Scott and Dumas as if he were still clattering, with temper alert for affront, over the changeless cobbles of Rome.

It is easy to see what the Romantics got out of Cellini, but what about ourselves? Romanticism is discredited; the 16th century is far away and the Renaissance is frowned upon by those of religious and political mind who see individualism run to seed or levelled out. Is the autobiography to become for us one of those classics whose vitality and vividness make them irresistible but of no moment? Shall we regard Cellini as part of the forgotten childhood of modern Europe, stamping, yelling, biting till the blood comes, and uncontrollable? Will he suggest to us the natural bombastic of dubious genius in a gangster state? Or shall we continue (if we are humanists) to find some primordial human substance in his refractory figure, to toughen and feed our abused faith? If the arts are to survive in a society grown hostile to them, the portrait of Cellini ought to be read, for it is one of the elementary statements of the artist's mind, above all of the power, range and detail of its sustained hallucinations. Cellini was a pestilentially dedicated figure.

Mr. John Pope-Hennessy's introduction does one important service to his subject. I am not qualified to criticise his view, but he does rehabilitate Cellini as an artist and especially as a sculptor; and he does seem to dispose of the general notion that he was a second rate artist who happened to write a book of genius in order to inflate the value of his own works. No one would deny Cellini's capacity to go in for something as shameless and cunning as this; but his exorbitant self-praise is in itself so natural to him, that it amounts, by a paradox, to modesty. And he defers always to his masters.

> In common with other artists (Mr. Pope-Hennessy writes) who were brought up like himself under the shadow of the Battle of Cascina of Michelangelo and who gravitated to the Rome of the Sistine ceiling and Raphael's *Galatea*, Cellini reacted against the classicism of the Renaissance. But the sophisticated and eclectic forms which he and his contemporaries evolved were not, as Symonds and the 19th century supposed, an aberration from an aesthetic norm, but an autonomous independent style.

* *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini.* Introduction by John Pope-Hennessy. *Phaidon Press.* 10s. 6d.

It was fostered by the climate of autocratic Courts. For the ordinary reader that judgment has the importance of taking Cellini out of the class of entrancing but ill-founded liars, who are covered, in Mr. Pope-Hennessy's words, by the ambiguous term "artistic personality." Behind him is the single conviction of his kind of truth.

In the Renaissance, the individual broke bonds and silence and in his own right came alive. If Montaigne gives birth to the self, that stoic and questioning invalid, with the first sad, luminous and broken eyes: if before him Rabelais had discharged upon us the chaotic imagination of the creature and the sensualities it feeds upon, a figure like Cellini's is of the same exemplary kind. He parades for the first time—and, of course, he is contemporary with Rabelais and not with Montaigne—a nature, a libido which has never known the censor unless it is there in the mask of that surprising melancholy of temperament to which he lays claim. It is, no doubt, the melancholy of the serious artist and the face in the portrait certainly suggests the naive and morbid sadness of some miracle-working friar. Despite the worm, or because of it, Cellini jumps from art to homicide, from the complacencies of intrigue and the ironies of persecution mania to the animal transfigurations of *le rage*. He can be held by no inner constraints, only by the unrestricted libidos of the other animals who gang up against him. His life is a vendetta. But even then, when his crimes have put him into the power of his enemies and he is left to waste his body in the squalor of a medieval dungeon, his pride is unconquered. For he strikes out into that famous vision in which, longing to see the light in his dungeon, he prays to see the sun and is at once led within sight of heaven. Led by his dream-guide "a young man whose beard is just growing, with a face of indescribable beauty, but austere, not wanton" he ascends by huge stairs until there is the sun before him:

> Albeit your rays may blind me, I do not wish to look on anything again but this. So I stayed with my eyes fixed steadily on him; and after a brief space I beheld in one moment the whole might of those great burning rays fling themselves upon the left side of the sun; so that the orb remained quite clear without its rays, and I was able to contemplate it with vast delight.

As always with Cellini, who understands the laws of narrative, he goes from strength to strength, from one important success to the next. Out of the sun bulges the figure of the Christ; another bulge and out comes the Madonna; and then, with his back turned, who should be there but St. Peter "pleading my cause, for the shame he felt that such foul wrongs should be done to Christians in his own house." And to cap that, as if God could never do enough, he finds that his forehead had been "meddled with". A halo has been affixed. He thoroughly understands lying as a fine art:

> This is visible to every sort of men to whom I have chosen to point it out, but those have been very few. This halo can be observed above my shadow in the morning from the rising of the sun for about two hours, and far better when the grass is drenched with dew.

It could also be seen at sunset and better in France than in Italy where the mists annul the effect.

To this absolute pride which is carried away, so sympathetically into condescending mania, there is only one response: his death or our deafness. The Popes, the Medici, can do nothing with an animal of such resources; and, as surely as when, turning his corners wide, he walked up the street that leads to the Palazzo Farnese and found the Corsican murderer waiting for him in the middle of it, it is our life or his. The autobiography might be said to commemorate the discovery of that part of the human self which declares there is no room for two.

Always the most honest man in any collection; always quarrelling, wounding and occasionally killing in the heat of the blood, but never (as witnesses can be brought to prove) in an unrighteous cause; always persecuted by the jealous, always getting the better of his enemies and avenging himself of real or imagined wrongs on every page of his book, Cellini is the libido at its most naive. He alone saves Rome. It is *he* who shoots the Constable of Bourbon from that crenellated beer barrel, the fortress of San Angelo. We have laughed at his boasts but they are not empty stories, like the tales of Munchausen or the American frontier. They are, and this is their fascination, packed with people, the life of the palaces and streets, closely and vividly reasoned. They are, in the true sense, creative, for they spring out of the interminable activity of Cellini's extraordinary egotism. He shoots fatter pigeons than anyone else, but then excellence is his aim; and he goes shooting to relax so that he may return to his fanatical and single concern in life: his art. If he kills a man, takes a girl or conspires with friends, his art is at the bottom of it. He is not merely a boaster; he is a maniac of consuming ingenuity. And this ingenuity convinces us that we have to deal not with an extravagant but a total man. He portrays, without knowing it, a complete character, for the lie on one page is naively given away a page or two later.

Goethe said that a whole century comes to life in the autobiography of Cellini and that one learns more from him than from the historians. Stendhal said that he contained the Italian character. Violence goes with an unresting curiosity, cunning with a capacity for naive surprise: one remembers his astonishment when his model (whom he had beaten up) came back for more, became his mistress and was the best of models as long as he had the energy to beat her once a day. Vanity and indignation led him to go, with tremendous zest, into the charges of homosexuality that were brought against him; he does not notice that it is perfectly clear he is homosexual. He cannot resist being the centre of any story: the heroic or the squalid. If he gets "the

French disease" it leads to astonishing anecdote. When an attempt is made to kill him with powdered diamonds, he discovers in a few lines a plot which could come straight from Boccaccio; for the man who had been given the diamond to crush, had cheated his employer:

> poverty induced him to keep this for himself, and to pound for me a greenish beryl of the value of two carlines thinking, perhaps, because it was also a stone, that it would work the same effect as the diamond.

When there is a row at the inn it is Cellini who stays behind at the inn to avenge himself on the landlord by ripping the bedding to ribbons; when a lover seduces one of his mistresses he forces the man to marry her; and then takes her on as a mistress, in order to make her commit the greater sin of adultery. Never was a man more determined to extract the extra drop from the art of success.

We see before us, indeed, a many-sided man, released, fulfilled in all his powers to the full length of Freudian expectation. First, the one continuously the artist, utterly wedded to the point of pettifogging frenzy with his work, blind to the existence of anything else, humble only before his master, Michelangelo. Then the natural man, incited by the awakened scientific curiosity of his time—for what is that dream of looking full into the sun but a scientific experiment, inspired by the same spirit which moved him to the great labour of the casting of the famous horse—and finally the story-teller trained in all the fine points of the art. Ourselves, like the 14-year-old boy to whom in middle age, he dictated his life in the Florentine dialect, must be agog as we listen to the pouring, exterminating voice which creates an age only for the purpose of portraying a man. V. S. PRITCHETT

WINTER ON THE WOOD

Even the songs of exile and absence died.
Even the saltings and out-reaches lacked their
sour tide.
And over the wood where winter had long been
skirmishing
Snow had piled until it piled above its whispering.

Perhaps somewhere a Himalayan peak was showing.
Perhaps somewhere a brown pool had escaped its
freezing.
It might be that somewhere had been released
new forces
Upheaving continents, breeding foliage and then
aviaries.

Somewhere, yes; but *here* was the end of song.
Nor could any decent poor twitterer survive for
long,
For the snow was not of the usual polar or
solstice variety
But of the heart's weariness and the senses'
satiety.

And if the mind alone still ticked over and on
What hope had it of renewal, of oil for its machine?
What hope the snow would melt and the mind
tower craggy and clean
With harebells and waterfalls, an eaglet circling
its crown?

Fold on fold it bedded down—
A thousand folds of snow and more to come.
What giant could bestride it, what hand and arm
Could plumb its depth and out of it lift the small
imprisoned sun! EWART MILNE

COURTSHIP AND MATING

Male and Female. By MARGARET MEAD. *Gollancz.* 18s.

This book contains an account of the culture of seven South Sea peoples, with particular reference to family life, the upbringing of children and the sexual habits of young people. Miss Mead lived for considerable periods in each of the communities described and her descriptions of the more intimate details of primitive life are remarkable no less for their detachment than for their delicacy. In the second half of the book she applies the same technique to a study of the habits of her American compatriots.

This book has been extensively reviewed and highly praised; its author has been called "a great teacher," and the word "genius" has been used. It is relevant in the light of these encomiums to make one important criticism. The book is badly written, the style is obscure and it is unnecessarily overlaid with technical jargon. Miss Mead, in fact, has not mastered the art of saying what she means clearly, simply and shortly. As a result it is often extremely difficult to tell what her sentences mean. Take two at random:

> The very rare occurrence of hot flashes (*sic*) in men as a climacteric phenomenon also may be hysterical female identifications, but they also may have a basis in some rare imbalance in the organism.

Here the delicacy of the subject may be pleaded as an excuse for the oddness of the language and the grammar. But what are we to make of:

> Parental love and parental withdrawal of love have not been organised round their children's developing assertiveness and aggressiveness, but have instead been attuned to their bodies, bodies seen as bodies of boys and girls who will later be men and women?

So much having been said by way of disparagement, it would be ungracious not to come out handsomely with the avowal that the book represents a great achievement; indeed, for originality of material, freshness of treatment and wisdom of conclusion, there has been nothing like it in the anthropological field since the days of Rivers and Malinowski.

Its interest for the general reader is as various as it is intense. He will hear, for example, of the Samoans, among whom "sex adjustment may be said to be one of the smoothest in the world." Miss Mead adduces a number of reasons. There is the more or less complete break from one's family after the age of six: "Brothers and sisters must never talk together casually or lightly, must never walk together or touch each other or participate in the same informal pleasure-seeking group." The taboo extends to cousins and relations, however distant. Instead, the boy or girl is brought up in a group consisting apparently of a number of his contemporaries of the same age and sex. This I take to be the meaning of "passion and responsibility are so blended that children are . . . reared in large stable families that do not rely on some slender tenuous tie between two parents for their only security." The first love affair for members of both sexes is always with an older and more experienced partner, but the number and variety of these early sex relationships is no bar to the formation of a more stable tie in later adult life. Sex, in a word, is easy to come by and enjoyable when it comes; it has no problems and leaves no regrets.

At the other end of the sexual scale are the Indians of the American Plains who court their wives for years before and, apparently, for weeks after marriage, and have to obtain the permission of the elder of the tribe before indulging even in marital sexual intercourse. (This I take to be the significance of the institution of the "chastity blanket," "the pierced blanket that had to be obtained from an elder of the tribe whenever any married couple wished to have intercourse.")

Miss Mead suggests—it is one of the many intriguing speculations that her book provokes—that for the easy, happy sex life of the Samoans a price must be paid, in the form of failure to develop any great power of intelligence or intensity of feeling—"There is no place in Samoa for the man or the woman capable of a great passion, of complicated aesthetic feeling, of deep religious devotion." One wonders whether this liability is unavoidable; whether, in fact, sexual maladjustment or frustration is a condition of the flowering of, for example, artistic gifts.

In similar vein, Miss Mead suggests that sexual relations are more likely to be easy and enjoyable when they are impersonal, when, that is to say, the higher emotions are not involved:

> The more interpersonal sex relations become, the more the actual personality of each partner, their mood, state of fatigue, feeling about the world and the other person are taken into account, the more possibility there is that some reduction in actual sexual activity may occur.

In other words, love may be the enemy rather than the friend of a happy sex relationship.

And so to America, the land where the woman's place is on the 'phone. What is she doing there? She is making a date. What is a date? It is an appointment to meet between two young people, preferably in public, at which it is apparently the girl's pride and duty to whisper sweet "nothing-doings" in the boy's ear. "Dating," is a social rite so fantastic that it is difficult for one's pen to resist the temptation to deviate into ribaldry. Social rather than sexual, for dating can and frequently does occur in the absence of strong sexual desire and even of affection. This is how Miss Mead describes it:

> But the boy who longs for a date is not longing for a girl. He is longing to be in a situation, mainly public, where he will be seen by others to have a girl, and the right kind of girl, who dresses well and pays attention. He takes her out as he takes out his new car, but more impersonally because the car is his for good but the girl is his only for the evening.

This does not mean, of course, that sexual activity does not occur; it does, proceeding apparently to any and every length short of sexual intercourse. But the girl knows that this is the one thing she must not permit, since (a) pregnancy must at all costs be avoided, and (b) to give herself utterly is to cheapen her value and lose her boy since, apparently, in America boy-girl relationships go the way of all flesh once the flesh has gone all the way. Miss Mead has two comments. First, the system combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity, while threatening with the direst penalties the girl who is betrayed by the latter into yielding to the former:—"We actually place our young people in virtually intolerable circumstances, giving them the entire setting for behaviour for which we then punish them whenever it occurs." Secondly, "dating" is the worst possible preparation for marriage. From about the age of fifteen, when dating begins, the girl is expected to withhold and to check. It is her business to keep the passions of both parties under control. After five, or it may be, ten years of practice in control she marries. Now, her role reversed, she must encourage, excite and surrender:—"She feels inadequate . . . if she is not swept away—after years of learning not to be swept away." It is an obvious deduction that "the complete total relaxation of feminine surrender . . . will hardly be available to women who have had to live through years of bridling their every impulse to yield and surrender." No wonder, Miss Mead comments, that American men are notorious bunglers in the art of love and American women famous for frigidity. What can you expect after such a training?

The lessons to be drawn from this important book are, I think, two. First, that if you trace the way in which children grow to be men and women—if you note what they are taught, and particularly what they are taught about their bodies and the mysteries of birth, of marriage and of death, consider the behaviour which at different periods of their lives is expected of them and the ideals of maleness and femaleness which are put before them—you cannot but conclude that our civilisation lays the worst possible foundation for happy, easy sexual relations in maturity.

Secondly, that over the last fifty years standards of behaviour, and more particularly of sexual behaviour, have changed so rapidly and so radically that it is harder than it has ever been for young people to adjust themselves. How, indeed, can people be expected to adjust themselves to an environment which is always changing?

C. E. M. JOAD

TWO POETS

The Edge of Being. By STEPHEN SPENDER. *Faber. 7s. 6d.*

The Palisades of Fear. By RONALD BOTTRALL. *Editions Poetry, London. 6s.*

Mr. Spender's poems are always a kind of groping for the rhythms and images that will fit a given emotion. A response, as it were, is given and reaches out for a situation, rather than a situation's being given and reaching in for a response. Mr. Spender is moved and through his poem tries to find out what moves him. Where he does succeed in finding this out, he can write with a touching directness, as in this passage, from perhaps the one almost flawless poem in his new volume, about Virginia Woolf:

> That woman like a Muse, whose gaze
> Stared through her contemporaries
> Lighting their thoughts on floors of seas:
> Filled her dress with large stones
> And lay beneath an icy brook
> Her beautiful eyes broken
> Her mind unstrung—a mirror of unspoken
> Thoughts (white now as her bones)
> Pages of an unwritten book.

As a whole, that passage is strong. And yet it seems, in a sense, to be made out of weak parts. The beautiful eyes, for instance, cannot be "broken" in any literal sense (the pressure of water would not do it, and the image in any case would be too jarringly horrible), but, on the other hand, the mind, which is a "mirror" (a very trite image), ought to be broken rather than (another triteness) "unstrung." Perhaps we accept "broken," as applied to the eyes, rather illogically, because of the "mirror" with which it has no real connection in the next line and because it does itself distortingly mirror, as running water might, the earlier word "brook." The wavering surface of language does express coherent depths. And the rather startling triteness does not seem to matter here more than the logical imprecision; we accept the "beautiful eyes," the "mind unstrung," and the rest of it, because we feel that a man under the influence of deep and sincere emotion cannot be expected to be coining phrases. When he is writing at his highest level, as he is here, Mr. Spender leads through weakness up to strength.

Unfortunately he is not always, or even perhaps for very much of the time, writing at his highest level in this new volume. And when he leads through weakness up to weakness, his triteness and imprecision become merely irritating. There is too much wishiness in this volume:

> Oh, that I might be one with that moonlight, and the florid,
> Rose-towering dreams—O peacocks, fountains, sighs
> and the vapid,
> O, thou O, opening O.

And apart from this heaving of windy sighs, there is an almost frighteningly complacent acceptance of stereotypes; including, for instance, a Hollywood musical comedy version of "old Vienna,"

> Vienna's life was lying in my arms
> While music shaping through me was the airs
> Yearning through Vienna woods.

There is too much yearning altogether, and too little grasping. The better poems on the whole are the shorter ones, where Mr. Spender can yield less easily to the temptation of blowing up the poem till it bursts. There is one interesting near-success, or not-quite-failure, however, among the longer poems, *Tom's A-Cold*, where Mr. Spender is attempting something fairly new for him, a character study, a fairly objective one, in fairly strict couplets. The poem has, in fact, the air of being a clever learner's piece, and is full of odd echoes, of Hardy's roughness, and of Sitwellian bric-à-brac:

> And I loved old attics where the lumber
> Of past centuries seemed to slumber,
> Faded silk, muslin pokes, hip baths, warming pans,
> Rhinoceros horn, flint locks, armour, sedans.

It does not quite come off, but it has the merit, at least, unlike most of the other pieces in the volume, of suggesting a new direction rather than a tiring out of old inspirations. These remarks are harsh; but Mr. Spender at his best is an honestly and unaffectedly moving poet, and it would be no real kindness to him to pass over his lapses into a sort of slack and lazy poeticising.

If Mr. Spender sometimes makes strong wholes of weak parts, with Mr. Bottrall strong parts often fail quite to make a whole of any sort. Mr. Bottrall works hard on every line, couplet, and stanza, and he is not merely a craftsman. He has a serious moral vision. He is essentially, in fact, a meditative poet. The trouble is that in the process of meditation the element of immediacy, the raw empirical element, tends to be dissolved away. He has a poem addressed to Mr. Eliot that begins:

> Down the blind alleys where life is brutish and ablaze
> Among dead men, among rotted stumps,
> We breathe the stale cigar smoke left by blunted fingers
> And play the wiseacre in a maze.

Let us recall the sort of image, in Mr. Eliot's own work, that Mr. Bottrall is here alluding to: the blunted fingers that leave stale cigar smoke recall the line,

> And short square fingers stuffing pipes,

the rotted stumps the line,

> And other withered stumps of time . . .

But what were images with Mr. Eliot have, with Mr. Bottrall, become mere phrases. We think, when we read this passage, of what "blind alleys" or "blunted fingers" means as ordinary conversational metaphors; we do not visualise the things, the actual alleys, the actual fingers, themselves. This lack of a grip on the immediate world of perception is responsible, I think, for certain errors of taste in Mr. Bottrall's work. He can write, for instance, such unpleasant lines as these:

> Stepping round the pillar ripe for kisses
> My lips met ulcerous ape-jaws in cohesion
> And gangrene claimed the hungry saw-boned trysting.

It cannot have been a real ape, I suppose, that the hero of this episode happened upon behind a pillar; nor can we take ulcers and the gangrene, for instance, as physically real. These hideous phrases are in the same case as the mild, inoffensive "blind alleys" and "blunted fingers." They have merely their sense as dead metaphors, and when one discards the images they evoke the passage sums up as: "Out feeling romantic one night, I had a really nasty experience." The nasty experience could, I dare say, be a proper subject for a poem; but not the nasty and confusing wriggle away from it, which is what these lines express. The lack of immediacy in Mr. Bottrall's grasp of the world is reflected, also, in his diction. One of his poems starts off with an allusion (rather in the style of a literary quiz) to *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*,

> Who saw whose love blunted away by grief
> And no bird warbling from the dark sedge,

and the choice of "warbling" (like the use of such verbs as "to burgeon" and "to mantle" in other poems) is very symptomatic if one remembers that Keats wrote: "And no birds sing." Mr. Bottrall's craftsmanship and his seriousness must be respected, and there are brilliantly worked bits that one will remember:

> In the arena are the stale urine and the scars;
> Above the tent are the fearful hollows between the stars;
> Behind the fencing are the clown's grimacing features,
> Behind the masks are the lineaments of God's creatures.

What one remembers less certainly is the total drift or scope. When one is writing a poem, certainly, it is the polishing of details that takes up most of one's conscious attention; but that total drift or scope must somehow, as a compelling image, be in remote control, and the polish of the details must sometimes be sacrificed to it. I am not certain whether Mr. Bottrall feels deeply enough the necessity of that sacrifice; or whether, indeed, he writes his poems because he must write them, or merely because he can. G. S. FRASER

AMERICAN SEQUENCE

The Hours and The Ages. By EDWARD NICHOLAS. *Gollancz. 15s.*

The historian can use a good many devices to make his work palatable to the general reader, and it is becoming an increasingly common practice to present a period or a movement primarily through a sketch of one of its typical figures. This technique has its merits. It gives a book human interest. It is economical of both the author's and the reader's time, for much can be implied instead of stated. Above all, it drives the historian to strike—as he should try to strike—some sort of balance between the individual and history, to avoid a flourish of irrelevant erudition, and to ask vital questions about human behaviour. This is the method by which Mr. Nicholas seeks to display the panorama of American history, from a Carolina plantation on the eve of the War of Independence to the opening of the West at the end of the Civil War, and he has produced a lively and engaging book.

Mr. Nicholas has chosen his characters well and with some ingenuity, weaving their lives deftly into the warp of events, and linking them into a continuous narrative. Sometimes the principals in one chapter are relatives of those in another; sometimes they are friends or associates; and when Mr. Nicholas is forced to contrive a bridge between two chapters, he skilfully, turns chance meetings or political ties to account.

This "sequence of Americans" begins with a charming portrait of Elizabeth Lucas, the young girl on the plantation just outside Charleston, devoting herself to keeping the house, improving the family plantation, experimenting with seeds sent by her military father from Antigua, visiting, talking, writing the letters on which Mr. Nicholas has drawn heavily. It is 1740, and cotton is not yet King in the plantations clinging to the seaboard, still beset by Indians, by natural disasters and by abortive slave revolts. But the faults, even the ultimate tragedy of the South, are already there, jostling with its virtues, slave labour making it impossible to establish a white artisan class such as that upon which Sam Adams built his political machine in Boston. The South was a house divided, in which neither Puritan dissent nor the itch of conscience could freely work as it worked in New England. Charles Chauncy could never have moved to Unitarian beliefs in Charleston: he belonged peculiarly to Massachusetts. Even Elizabeth Lucas, alert and able as she was, would have found that strange

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woman, Margaret Fuller, hard to bear and harder to understand, for she was not only a transcendentalist but also a Yankee of the age of Emerson, Holmes, Brook Farm and Horace Greeley's *Tribune*. The gulf between two ways of life widened towards secession, one questing, sceptical ambitious and relentless, the other introverted, conservative, romantic and oppressive.

For a time, the frontier held the balance. Andrew Jackson came out of Tennessee to the White House and, for a few years, stood between the bankers and the slaveowners. But as the frontier moved West it lost its power to hold this balance and became instead a bone of contention. Then the North won the Civil War, partly because it had won the West, and nothing stood in the way of America's real industrial revolution.

This, briefly, is the story that Mr. Nicholas tells, although human interest squeezes out too much of the history. But he seems less concerned with history than with his own philosophy of history. "There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time," wrote Emerson, "the hours should be instructed by the ages and the ages explained by the hours." Mr. Nicholas has taken this as his text. Now nobody would quarrel with this aphorism as far as it goes. The captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers was not useless to the historian of the Roman Empire. But Mr. Nicholas goes further than this and serves up a luke-warm Hegelian explanation of human motives, which contrasts with the clarity of most of the book, and seems tacked on to the characters as an afterthought.

> The spirit that animates the world is unity dispersed, not particles gathered. Its component digits, the individual lives, do not add up by arithmetic; their total is greater than their sum. Its multiple embodiments, which we call societies, contain more of the creative impulse than there is in all their citizens together.

Thus, Mr. Nicholas continues, American society consists . . .

> . . . of more than techniques, or institutions, or language, or beliefs, or anything that could be taught or written down. These were no more than the shell of the creature, the substance imprinted by the moving spirit. . . . The spirit itself, the force at work, the creative impulse, moved within these evidences.

All this, to me, seems close to mumbo-jumbo. After reading it, I am no closer to understanding the nature of the "force at work" within the people Mr. Nicholas describes than I was before I picked up his book. He would have been well advised to have let them tell their own fascinating story without help from a pompous *Zeitgeist*. NORMAN MACKENZIE

FRENCH VISITS

Every Month Was May. By EVELYN EATON. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

A House in the Cevennes. By JEANNE SALEIL. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

Miss Evelyn Eaton is one of the *New Yorker's* most laconic humorists, a spinner of anecdotes which do not seem to have been put through the revving-up processes by which some of her colleagues get their effects. For her anecdotes in *Every Month Was May* she has gone back to the years between the wars when she lived in France. Like so many Americans she did her French period, in the words of the *New Yorker's* present Paris correspondent, "like a form of international service." Her service included sleeping on a Metro bench for three nights when she was out of work, living splendidly at the Crillon, being Mrs. Cole Porter's social secretary, paying staid calls in the Faubourg Saint-Germain and doing Bohemian service on the Boulevard Saint-Germain. What she was groping for, she feels now, was "light, sane joy," and this seems to have come to her as naturally as leaves to a tree. Her anecdotes have a "real" quality about them which sometimes makes them most moving. She describes an evening at the Duc de Gien's house where Dorande, the chanteuse, sang *Déjà*, a song about the sadness of life passing and nothing done, but sang it with the implication that it had no relevance to the world of her audience. After singing she selected a young man from the company and left on his arm. "She never goes home alone," said Mme de Gien. A few nights later Miss Eaton saw Dorande again in the Café des Deux Sous. This time she sang *Déjà* in a totally different way, with a poignancy which reduced a girl in the café to tears; everyone in the café felt that song was meant for them. When she had finished singing Dorande spoke to the girl, comforted her, and eventually left with her. "She's a great one," the waiter said to Miss Eaton. "She never goes home alone." There is a certain moving cynicism about these stories which gives them their flavour and point, and her description of a visit to a milliner with her "Auntynell" who said "*Je voudrais voir la cocotte avec le grand nu que j'ai vu hier!*" when "*cocarde*" and "*noeud*" were the words she wanted, is typical of her passages of "light, sane" humour.

The world of *A House in the Cevennes* is like a cross between a Pagnol film and *Goupi Mains Rouges*. The *garigue* of the Cevennes is wild country where the Camisards fought the first guerilla warfare in the 17th century, but its people have combined something of the sunny humour of the Provençal with their mountain dourness. In the main street of the village of Fougayrolles, where Miss Saleil's parents took a tumbledown house, one may see the miserly mayor, the poor old curé who hasn't celebrated Mass for years, the Comte de Saint-Guy who "unlike many such noble names, scorned the romantic glamour of poverty" and prosaically owned the best land in the neighbourhood, or the local *fille de joie*, "Everyman's Marie." Miss Saleil describes their oddities and humour in a mockingly loving way—her anecdotes have something of Miss Eaton's astringency—and her portrait of the village is in the round. She has a way of flicking her characters into life with phrases like:

> Julou and Sons came from an ancient line of masons, and inherited from them . . . their love for stone and indestructible walls. And indeed though their rodent teeth and gorilla arms might assign them to some animal species, they really belonged to the mineral kingdom, powdered and caked with plaster as they were from top to toe, even to the folds of their immense ears.

All is seen from the point of view of the inquiring innocence of a very young girl and it is this sense of the discovery of the strange adult world of this decrepit village which gives the book its freshness and originality. MICHAEL SWAN

NEW NOVELS

The Hour of Truth. By DAVID DAVIDSON. *Falcon Press.* 9s. 6d.

The Small Hours of the Night. By TIMOTHY ANGUS JONES. *Barrie.* 9s. 6d.

The Miraculous Barber. By MARCEL AYMÉ. *The Bodley Head.* 9s. 6d.

All Thy Conquests. By ALFRED HAYES. *Gollancz.* 9s.

No wonder William Harmon, hero of *The Hour of Truth*, wants to flee his house of women. So surrounded is he by specimens straight out of Geoffrey Gorer's *The Americans*: the rapacious American mate and her young daughters, "half tomboys, half coquettes," already preparing, like mother, to frighten their men into impotence. His wife shows such concern for Harmon's "trouble," dismantles with such care his big, football-scarred façade, that he has to get out. Rehabilitation work on a technical mission promises escape, even a solution. A group with a million dollars to spend on public works is bound for one of those down-and-out provinces at the feet of the Andes—"everything bad from leprosy to absentee landlords." There, in Alba, Harmon can "play God to fifty thousand South Americans." The first step in his self-reclamation: he kills a deadly vibora snake "a pretty little son-of-a-bitch . . . all scarlet and emerald, a Christmas streamer and at least two

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feet of it". Later he exposes a racket, quells a riot, overrides the local racketeer, then with rather more difficulty overrides his own shabby comrades. He even gets himself loved by the racketeer's beautiful maltreated wife—a soft, submissive Latin, and so a complete contrast to his own. Ordeals, labours and romance succeed where oyster extracts fail. Harmon regains his potency, hence faith in himself, love for his wife, and her love for him.

How good so many recent American novels on this level have been! Fast-moving yet controlled, diverse yet tight, trenchant yet tender, realistic and vivid as the best American films. Mr. Davidson's book is no exception. The first scenes between Harmon and his wife may seem over-incised—almost written in headlines—but then the rest of the book has to hang from them. Once in South America, however, the strength of the author's treatment tells. Broadly though accurately he draws in the riproaring bunch of "tropical tramps" who make up the mission. These failures, these "Conquistadores of the second class"—boastful, windy Colonel Burling who cringes behind a grand manner, Horanyi, the lecherous Hungarian economist, Gilmore, the heroic doctor, who only lacks a degree, the sadistic adjutant, the incompetent engineer—are entirely credible, and just enough removed from the run of stock types. They fester away in "this perilous swamp," this "anus of the universe," because "it is only here . . . alongside people even weaker and sicker than themselves, that they can come to feel like men." Above float the Embassy figures—"cookie-pushers, paper-pushers"—the suave Ambassador and his tough girl assistant who wants to be a man almost as much as she wants to have one. No less vividly live the local trash and the local progressives. Everyone's dilemma has a validity; every relationship works. Once Mr. Davidson has pulled tight the strings which knit together all his groups and figures, he never lets them slacken. Only the end, "*la hora de verdad*"—when the matador's sword strikes the bull—fails to be the magnesium-flash climax intended. Such sustained tenseness calls for a modicum of humour, but this, as in so much of contemporary American fiction, is lacking.

A month in the country, a voyage abroad, a romance, hard work for a change, a novitiate, a spell in the army—through what a huge choice of circumstances can an author put his hero figure, in order to change him, to show how he can manipulate the life he has invented! Not to South America, but to Paris goes Barnaby Surrey, the hero of Mr. Jones's first novel, *The Small Hours of the Night*. This purports to be a "sentimental education," but isn't it rather a social one? Certainly Surrey involves himself with two pretty women: first the Princess Ekaterina, "a beauty of as ancient an order as mankind," then a gorgeous American, Caroline Wise, "a name that everyone knew in a way that no English girl would be known." Hands are held, but no sort of relationship crystallises. And by the end of the book, the dim, dummy "I," whom we met at the beginning has not for a moment existed, let alone lived. "To what purpose then have I passed all this time? Should I perhaps not ask myself that question, To what *purpose* . . . there may be none." None indeed in Mr. Jones's hands. This is Dekobra without any of the adroitness.

Mr. Jones has filled in an elaborate social background rather more convincingly. "The Ritz Hotel in Paris": his first five words set the stage for a fancy band of Balkan royalties, millionaires even in exile, and their hangers-on. The royal or noble, the very rich, the very clever, the very beautiful need a Balzac to bring them alive. This author constantly points—even goggles—at these sort of qualities in his exotic little group. They sleep all day and divide their nights between a magnificent suite, "gilt . . . green marble . . . Empire furniture," and the glossier Paris *boîtes*, mostly drinking champagne. Mr. Jones throughout refers to these characters as "*they*," but nothing marks *them* out from any other party in the Ritz bar. We are told Ekaterina is a princess, but nothing distinguishes her from a *première vendeuse*.

As one might expect, Marcel Aymé's *Miraculous Barber* has a more truly Parisian feeling. We tour round a variety of *milieux* instead of soaking champagne in the Ritz or Casanova. M. Aymé's slapdash plot with a gimcrack ending is only an excuse for a gay race up and down social ladders. Here are the rich industrial Lasquins, the successful Catholic writer (echoes of Mauriac) the dotty insurance clerk and his family, the kept woman in her plush apartment, Johnny the old cissy with his boxer, the fearful Bohemian Ancelots and the miraculous barber himself—a rather maddening *deus ex machina*, who re-arranges the affairs of France (it is 1936, the Year of the Popular Front) from behind a barber's chair. Mostly the satire is good, if not particularly subtle. Only the film-struck Ancelots with their Soviet enthusiasms are so overdone as to be silly. Many of M. Aymé's sentiments are trite: "a great nation is like a shop, there's always something to be done," but some of his cracks sparkle. Mr. Eric Sutton has made an excellent translation of this light-hearted *mélange* of finance, infidelity and politics.

All Thy Conquests is another panoramic view; this time of Rome just after the Liberation. The author of *The Girl on the Via Flaminia*, tells a series of short stories, but instead of writing them consecutively, he has chopped each of them up into three or four pieces which he interleaves. We have read too much about life during the Anglo-American occupation of Italy. John Horne Burns dealt with similar situations much more successfully in *The Gallery*, which at least was written straight. Mr. Hayes has a cameraman's eye and he writes with the slick pen of a scenario-writer. But by now one groans as one reads this sort of thing:

> Ah, Gina, Gina, of the peculiar mouth and the difficulties with the husband, do you recall, amore mio, the patrols in their deadly fives? Che bestie! They were very correct, but they did not patrol the streets in less than fives. And they arrested so many, and Maspaccio says (you know his store off the Via Nazionale? He rents evening clothes) they bought, very legitimately, his entire stock of tuxedos, but of course their occupation money was worthless.

Here again we have the G.I. discovering after a long search that the nice girl he once met has become a whore; the S.S. murderer repents and is lynched; the Drunken Captain is set-upon and robbed; Carla, the underweight girl with the over-size eyes loves a married G.I., and has a miscarriage; the queer Marchese cynically denounces his Fascist father-in-law; and of course the out-of-work barman finally gets his shoes.

JOHN RICHARDSON

SICK CONTINENT

The State of Europe. By HOWARD K. SMITH. *Cresset Press.* 15s.

For those inclined to moral indigestion this book is homoeopathic treatment: the *tour d'horizon* on which the author takes his readers is neither reassuring nor sedative. Looking at Europe from the unusual standpoint of a liberal Southern Democrat who feels no instinctive urge to take sides in the Cold War, Mr. Howard Smith is an informed and honest observer. Since catching, seven years ago, the *Last Train From Berlin*, he has "been places" as head of the Columbia Broadcasting System in Europe, and much of what he has seen has made him unhappy and angry. The picture he presents is that of a Continent dangerously split by warring ideologies, economically contracting and morally sick.

His diagnosis, let it be said, applies primarily to Western Europe. East of the Iron Curtain, he concedes, there is dynamic economic expansion; and though he writes of the development since 1945 of Peoples' Democracies with marked lack of enthusiasm (notably in the case of Czechoslovakia), he admits very fairly that the new Com-

munist regimes have at least done much to rescue Eastern Europe from the poverty and ignorance which make political liberty an empty concept. Of the risk lest the reaction to "Titoism"—whose debits and credits in Yugoslavia itself are incisively summarised—may be a fresh wave of repression, Mr. Howard Smith is fully conscious. But he is concerned in the main with what has happened and is likely to happen in the Europe of the Marshall Plan, in the countries on which American policy has been focused.

It is, as one would expect, a sombre picture. There is Western Germany, with the property ownership of the old guard reinstated, and ex-Nazis everywhere at the economic helm in a paper democracy; there is France—tired, cynical and politically ineffective—too demoralised to achieve a recovery which is within her material reach; Italy, where the Western Powers have combined with Vatican and land-owner to abort, not merely revolution, but reforms whose lack puts democracy in peril; Greece, handed over by Anglo-American policy to blind reaction; Franco, confidently waiting his turn to poke a dirty finger in the dollar pie; and finally, "free enterprise" Benelux—Belgium clinging to the skirts of the American Century, Holland dolefully counting the cost of a lost Empire. Nowhere any sign, to a liberal, that the victorious Allies have put, either in defeated or liberated countries, the right people in power; nowhere any good ground for expecting Marshall Europe to be self-supporting by 1953; nowhere solid reason for confidence that democracy, even of a Right-wing pattern, will endure. For the Continent's dilemma is that, unless it "streamlines" its social structure so as to secure more producers, it will founder economically; but, politically, such steps may drive the middle classes towards Fascism.

How did it all come about, and who is to blame? The United States, for recruiting illiberal agents in the Cold War to contain Communism? Or the Soviet Union for provoking the very actions it feared? Mr. Howard Smith is first and foremost a reporter—there are few better—and he is cautious in apportioning responsibility. As for the timing of events, he finds in Britain's 1947 fuel crisis the "turning-point in post-war history." Up to then it looked as if the world might settle down on the basis of a power-tripod—U.S.A., U.S.S.R. and Britain, lynch-pin of a European "third force." Under the weight of the February, 1947, snow the edifice collapsed. Her weakness revealed, Britain abandoned, in effect, her efforts to play the part of mediating Great Power: jettisoning commitments, including control of the Ruhr, she became the senior satellite of the United States—an unstabilising influence, with a vested interest in bad Russo-American relations. Her subsequent "Marshallised recovery" has been, at most, re-stabilisation on a lower, and precarious, level.

Into the vacuum left by Britain's loss of initiative, the United States rushed "like a bull in a china shop." The announcement in March, 1947, of the Truman Doctrine, coupled with huge dollar appropriations for Turkey and Greece, was followed by a Marshall Plan for aid to be administered, not by the United Nations, but largely by emissaries of U.S. big business. Iran was unostentatiously "annexed"; American foreign policy became increasingly dominated by the National Security Council; Western Europe was given a sharp Right-ward tilt, and the whole anti-Communist structure was cemented by the Atlantic Pact. The Western hostility which the Russians had predicted was made, to morbidly suspicious Russian eyes, a demonstrable fact.

That is one side of the story, but not the whole of it. Mr. Howard Smith acquits the Soviet Union of aggressive military intentions: unlike Nazi Germany, Communist Russia has no economic incentive to make war; she is practically as self-sufficient as the United States, and has everything to gain by a long period of peace. Nevertheless, Mr. Smith argues, the Marxist prediction that capitalism, destined to succumb from its inherent contradictions, is bound to seek to prolong its decrepit life by war, is an element of real danger: there is always a chance of Russia's deciding, in self-defence, "to beat the other fellow to it." In fact, from Moscow's rejection of the Marshall Plan onwards, plenty has occurred already to show how "a theoretically defensive attitude [can be turned] into a practically aggressive one. . . . Russia has become, in an important sense, her own worst enemy. She, herself, has created many of the causes of her own fears." Most objective observers will agree.

Mr. Howard Smith, as I have said, is a liberal; and his humane, balanced analysis of the post-war direction of European history testifies to the sincerity of his beliefs: no one can doubt whether his heart is in the right place. His objectivity will doubtless earn the disapproval of the Un-American Committee; he comes nearest, however, to "taking sides" when he reproaches the Russians for not grasping "the outstretched hand of the liberals" before 1947.

> Dogma leaves no room for their existence, save as façades to be used by one side or the other . . . The fact, which may be the most important fact of our times, that liberalism can grow into a force in its own right, is not in the dogma, for Marx in 1860 did not include it.

The reader may find it a little hard to square this assumption (on page 69) that the hand was outstretched with the wholesale condemnation (on page 30) of Mr. Bevin's foreign policy. But when he passes from analysis to concluding synthesis, the author has at least the courage of his convictions. His hopes that Europe will, with luck, avoid destruction in the head-on collision between "the two Powers on earth least likely to compromise on ideology" are pinned on the ability of American liberals ultimately to dictate the foreign policy of the United States: their aim, he has no doubt, must be to foster democratic Socialism in Western Europe. Conceding that it is just as easy, at present, to find evidence for American imperialism thousands of miles from Capitol Hill as it is to discover Russian imperialism at work within, say, long-distance fighter range of Moscow, he insists that the notion that America is a conservative, reactionary country is a myth, and that the nation which has successively voted Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman into office is, in fact, moving towards the Welfare State.

In terms of U.S. domestic politics I would agree; but it is a big step from backing the Fair Deal at home to reversing the policy which has entrenched capitalist Christodemocracy in Europe. Is there now left the room for manoeuvre—economic as well as political—which democratic Socialism needs for success? One may respect and admire Mr. Howard Smith's faith, and agree warmly with his prescription; but the One World whose Century it was to be has become terrifically polarised. That is the tragedy both of Europe and of liberalism.

AYLMER VALLANCE

ORGANIC OR ROMANTIC

Towards an Organic Architecture. By BRUNO ZEVI. *Faber.* 25*s.*

When the observatory (the Einstein Tower at Potsdam) was finished Mendelsohn conducted Einstein round the building, and he was naturally anxious to learn the great scientist's opinion of it. Einstein went round the building and examined the interior, but said nothing. Hours later, during a meeting of the building committee and the architect held in the main observatory, Einstein suddenly got up, crossed the room, and whispered in Mendelsohn's ear: 'Organic.'

That simple but somewhat equivocal tale, as told in Mr. Whittick's book on Eric Mendelsohn, has long fascinated me; it offers so much scope for reading between the lines and its moral is by no means obvious. To say that it came into my mind as soon as I read the title of Mr. Bruno Zevi's book may sound to some like a confession: since the date of Einstein's whispered pronouncement the word organic in an architectural context has acquired both a rather different meaning and—as part of the war-cry of Frank Lloyd Wright

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and his followers—a much greater emotive content. Thus, although Mr. Zevi illustrates the Einstein Tower right enough, it is as an example of expressionism and so representative of one of the three "decadent lines of modern architecture," the other two being constructivism and futurism.

The architecture of expressionism has too much in common with recent manifestations of American "styling" to find favour in our eyes to-day. Yet, qualitative judgments aside, it is probable that most people would understand why the freely modelled Einstein Tower should be called organic more readily than they would accept the application of that epithet to the harsh angularity of certain of the buildings of Wright. Mr. Zevi is aware of this difficulty:

> The word organic (he writes) can only be applied in its strictest physical sense to some of the products of modern architecture—to Aalto's door handles, to the outline of his chairs and, with still better justification, to chairs by Saarinen. Making use of its widest psychological sense we can apply it to the architect's increased attention to life and comfort. Its meaning in regard to architecture must be defined . . as something equally opposed to the theoretic and the geometrical, to the artificial standards, the white boxes and the cylinders which distinguish so much of the first modern architecture and to its general nudism.

The trouble is that Mr. Zevi has hitched his thesis to a word which will not take it over some of the rougher parts of the route without assistance—though in fairness it must be remembered that he is virtually forbidden the word romantic, of so much higher horse-power, because in relation to architecture it has too often implied idealisation of the past and imitation of its styles.

With this reservation, Mr. Zevi's book can be warmly recommended as a guide to the present situation both in modern architecture and in modern architectural theory. It is not always easy to read, but it is intelligent enough to be always worth the effort, and the evangelism which is almost inseparable from its *genre* is kept well within bounds. As the passage already quoted suggests, Mr. Zevi believes that the doctrinaire phase of the modern movement—the classical period of functionalism, one can imagine future historians calling it—is behind us, and that we are now witnessing a general loosening-up, or if you prefer it a humanising, of modern architecture. There is of course nothing new in this belief: the tendency, of which the abandoning of the flat roof as the hall-mark of the modern is the most obvious outward sign, has been remarked by many recent writers. But this is the first time it has been discussed at book length, and from the advantageous view-point of an Italian architect conversant with developments in America. That the book was originally written for Italian readers does not diminish its value; indeed, the curious English ignorance of modern Italian architecture (even among people who are interested in modern architecture generally) gives what little Mr. Zevi says about his own country a special importance, while many of his extracts from recent English and American publications will be as unfamiliar to the average English reader as to his Italian counterpart. Mistakes of detail in the text are not noticeably numerous, though Frederick Gibberd has become "F. Gilbert" and Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, who died in 1947, is referred to as if he were still alive. Finally, the book is pleasant to handle, reasonably pleasant to look at, and generously illustrated.

MARCUS WHIFFEN

The Veiled Wanderer, Marcel Proust. By PRINCESS MARTHE BIBESCO. *Falcon Press.* 7s. 6d.

Proust has suffered more than most authors from having the least of his correspondence published, for, however great as a novelist, he was not a great letter-writer. Now Princess Marthe Bibesco has taken a few indifferent letters written by him to the Duc de Guiche (now Duc de Gramont), and worked them up into an elaborate *pièce montée*. Proust, the authoress maintains, was a Veiled Wanderer referred to by the Greek poet as "the unknown genius among the guests at a banquet," for as an unknown young man "he made up the numbers at table for Madame Strauss." Winston Churchill she also claims as a Veiled Wanderer, presumably for a different reason. Princess Marthe's points are difficult to follow, since correspondence and all are overladen with feckless evocations and irrelevant anecdotes. In the middle of a long aside on César Ritz, for example: "'Oh, Monsieur Ritz, I simply can't believe it,' laughed Lady Randolph Churchill, 'it's simply incredible.' '*My life is incredible,' remarked César.*" Elsewhere she quotes freely from the poems, "the divine lispings" of five-year-old Elaine de Greffulhe, "a little Pythia in her frock of English embroidery." Other passages, sometimes pink, sometimes purple with snobbery will surely exasperate both the serious student and the superficial dipper—pink as in "Guiche, Guiche, this name is the wave's sigh as it dies on the shores of the Fortunate Isles" or more stud-book style: "He knew that a Bibesco had married a Montesquiou, that she was a sister-in-law of this Princess de Caraman-Chimay who was the mother of the Comtesse Greffulhe; that a Caraman-Chimay . . ."

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,045

Set by Aylmer Vallance

The usual prizes are offered for a Lament on a Lost Deposit—up to 14 lines of verse. Entries by March 7.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,042

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes are offered for a Clerihew epitomising the plot of any famous novel.

Report by J. B. Roderic

Competition-setters cannot often afford Clerihews! The entry is too overwhelming. The labour of sorting the hundreds of entries was, however, simplified by many competitors confusing the epitome and the comment: and by a certain ignorance—even among some of the veterans—as to the form of a Clerihew. Interesting preferences in novels emerged, *Jane Eyre*, *Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma* (*Knightly* rhyming with *rightly*) were expected favourites; but *Pamela* and *Clarissa* ran them close. *A Man of Property* cropped up as often as *Vanity Fair* (with a *harp* to go with Becky *Sharp*); there were lots of Kafkas, but few Jameses; several *Anna Kareninas* but only one *War and Peace*. Prizes of half a guinea go to H. C. Barton, Gavin Ewart, K. A. Gilbert, H. F. Rubinstein, Stanley French, Allan M. Laing, R. J. P. Hewison, R. S. Jaffray, L. E. J., Leslie Harrison, Phiz, and Terence Watson. Honourable mentions to the other competitors whose Clerihews are printed.

KAFKA: THE CASTLE

Up at *das Schloss*
Nobody knows who's boss;
But men with no names, only initials
Are persecuted by his officials. H. C. BARTON

LA CHARTREUSE DE PARME

The love of Fabrice and Clélia
Might well have been a failure
When she vowed never again to behold his face—
But by meeting in the dark they increased the Latin race. GAVIN EWART

Ulysses, Bloom that is to say,
Roams about Dublin all day.
There being no plot to develop, he
Returns to an unchaste Penelope. LESLIE JOHNSON

Morte D'Arthur
Is certainly by far the
Best account of knights
In fights. K. A. GILBERT

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Asking for eternal damnation,
With a final, gratuitous flaunting of his abomination,
Even so demonstrably God-forsaken a sinner
May ultimately (for all you and I know) romp home a winner. H. F. RUBINSTEIN

I find
That plots don't stay long in my mind
But I do remember the gist of *Gone with the Wind*
Is "Scarlett sinned". STANLEY FRENCH

The heroine of *Forever Amber*
Must forever clamber
Into bed after bed
Until the book's read. ALLAN M. LAING

In *Headlong Hall*
Nothing happens at all,
Except a wild Welsh walk
And a deuce of a lot of talk. R. J. P. HEWISON

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Pip (old chap)
Expected to loll in Fortune's lap,
But troubles with a convict (and Stella)
Made something like a man of the feller. R. S. JAFFRAY

Joseph Conrad in *Chance*
Shows us (not exactly at a glance)
How Captain Antony
Sees snags where there aren't any. L. E. J.

In *The Turn of the Screw*
Henry James gets himself, so to speak, into, as one might express it, a "stew,"
About the ghosts (of two "base menials") who came to hurl,
For no apparent, or at least sufficient, reason, to damnation, an innocent boy, and—to give the horror a second twist—a girl. LESLIE HARRISON

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

Having learnt to divide
Good Jekyll from bad Hyde,
The doctor made the fatal blunder
Of not keeping Hyde under. PHIZ

When *Dorian Gray*
Deserted the straight and narrow way,
Stricture
Came only from his picture. TERENCE WATSON

When Heathcliff obtained the rights
Over *Wuthering Heights*,
He revenged himself on the Earnshaws, the Lintons, and all their relations
Through several generations, L. W. BAILEY

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Pride and Prejudice has not
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Governess *Jane Eyre* got coyer and coyer
In the presence of Mr. Rochester, her employer;
She adored his strong silent masculinity
But (until page 397) managed to preserve her virginity.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

War and Peace, if you want an epitome,
Is about war, which doesn't appeal a bit to me,
And peace, and a girl called Natasha,
Who's a smasher. MARGARET USBORNE

The object of Mr. Evelyn Waugh
In *Brideshead Revisited* is to paugh-
tray the struggle of a noble Lord
With Gord. NIALL BRENNAN

Clarissa
Is about a man who wanted to kiss her;
You have to wade through volumes of paper
To learn if he will rape her.
GRANVILLE GARLEY

Tristram Shandy's
Father bandies
Words with Slop, Toby and Trim
Except where a blank page baffles him.
DOUGLAS HAWSON

CHESS: The "Might-Have-Been"

No. 25

With the accumulated and constantly revised knowledge of centuries to guide him through the opening, with endgame technique approaching mathematical precision, it is mostly in the dangerous and unchartable waters of the middle-game that even the very experienced player often enough finds himself out of his depth. Wielding the precision-instrument of chess in such bafflingly unpredictable circumstances, chess players inevitably suffer from frustration and indulge in recrimination and self-reproach; but they can always find solace in their very own dream-world of the might-have-been: they may well find the *post-mortem* more important (and often more pleasing) than the life-and-death struggle preceding it. I remember a very famous master brooding for more than half an hour over a position which any tyro, in two minutes, could have diagnosed as quite hopeless. Finally he resigned with a deep sigh. I asked him what on earth he had been meditating about.

"Ah," he said—the gloom on his face now banished by a contented smile—" but I had to see what would have happened had I played Kt-B5 instead of my own foolish 37 move. I have analysed four variations so far!" Needless to say, they were all very much in his favour.

Most of us remember more missed opportunities than actual achievements. But it might console us that even the masters harbour copious memories of the might-have-been. Here is one of Dr. Euwe's. In this position—Euwe-Tcherpunov, Paris 1924—being a piece and three pawns up, to say nothing of his mating threat, obviously the only thing Euwe had to worry about was his opponent's nuisance threat of a perpetual. He hoped to cope with this by continuing:

(1) B x R? R x Q ch
(2) P x R Q x B ch
(3) K-R3 Q-K6 ch
(4) K-R4 Q-B7 ch
(5) K-Kt5 P-B3 ch!
(6) P x P Q-K6 ch

The game was now drawn because Euwe had overlooked Black's saving P-check. Too late he saw how he *could* have won most elegantly:

(1) K-Kt3! Q-K8 ch
(2) K-B4 Q-QB8!
(3) R-R1!! R-Q8 ch
(4) K-Kt3 R-Kt8 ch
(5) R x R Q x R ch
(6) K-R4 Q-K8 ch
(7) K-R5 Q-KR8 ch
(8) B-R4 R x Q
(9) P x R, and Black's Queen would have impotently watched her sovereign's downfall.

In this position—Halosar-Poshauko, Graz 1941—Black played B x KtP and finally drew. Too late he saw how, with a few striking moves, he could have forced Halosar's instant resignation. How?

Here — Loughran - Harrison, Victoria 1916 — White lost and, having been a P down, his self - reproaches did not begin to bother him till the *post-mortem* revealed that he *could* have won in five moves. How?

Usual prizes. Entries by March 6

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 20

A: (1) R x B ch. (2) K-R1, Kt x P ch. (3) Q x Kt, R x Q ch. (4) K-R2, R-K17 ch. (5) K-R1, R x Kt ch. (6) K-R2, R-K17 ch. (7) K-R1, R x Kt, ch. (8) K-R1, R x R ch. (9) R x R, R x R ch. (10) K-R2, R-K7 ch., etc. But if, instead of grabbing the Q, White has played (1) Kt-Q4, R x B ch. (2) K-Kt1, he would have won. B: (1) R x KtP, P x R. (2) Q-R7 ch, Kt-Q2. (3) B x Kt, Q-K11. (4) R-K17 ch.!, K x R. (5) B-B8 ch. K x B. (6) Q x Q. C: (1) R-R7. (2) Q x K, Q-B5ch. (3) K-Kt1, Q-B8ch. (4) K-Q2, Q-Q8ch. (5) K-B3, Q-K5ch. (6) K-Q2, Q-B7. (7) K-K1, Q-Q6ch. (8) K-B1, Q-B8ch. (9) K-Kt2, Q-B6 ch., etc.

Additional suggestions too numerous to do them justice here. Since this subject of "farsightedness" has proved so fascinating I propose to revert to it at least once more in a month or two, using exclusively (and duly rewarding) material sent in by readers. As for the present competition there were dozens of solutions correct in every variation or as near correct as to make no difference. Impossible to mention them all. The prize money has been doubled this time so as to give "consolation" chessbook tokens of ½-guinea each to J. H. Beaty, W. H. Cozens, M. J. Harrison, F. A. Rhoden. First prize to C. H. O'D. Alexander who, with many memories of triumph to choose from, preferred to "tell a story against himself": his Nottingham game against Alekhine who saw through his young opponent's counter-stroke and then "went one better" to earn the brilliancy prize. Alekhine, says Alexander, played his decisive 21st move, Q-B1 "with a broad grin and without a moment's hesitation." This is how the game went:

(20)	P-K4	Kt x KP!
(21)	Q-B1?	KKt-B3
(22)	B x P!	K-R1
(23)	B-K6	B-R3
(24)	R-Q1	Kt-K4
(25)	P-B4!	Kt-Q6
(26)	R x Kt	B x R
(27)	P-K14	resigns

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the Chair of Physics. The salary will be at the rate of £1,300 per annum (New Zealand currency). Allowances will be made for travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applications May 31, 1950.

LONDON.—The University, Goldsmiths' College. Applications are invited for the following posts in the Training Department (vacant through retirements), to take effect on September 1, 1950: (a) Senior Lecturer in History (man or woman); (b) Lecturer (or Senior Lecturer) in Education (woman) with particular reference to work with infants and young juniors; (c) Lecturer in Women's Handwork (woman). Salaries, as appropriate, on Training College scales. Further particulars from the Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E.14, to whom completed application forms should be returned by March 8, 1950.

AMENDED Advertisement. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men for the following permanent posts under the Ministry of Fuel and Power: A Deputy Principal Inspector of Mechanical Engineering in Mines. Candidates must be at least 35 years of age on November 1, 1949, and must possess a sound general training and extensive experience of mechanical engineering plant and practices in the coal mining industry. Corporate Membership of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers or the Institution of Mining Engineers or the Association of Mining Electrical and Mechanical Engineers is necessary, and a University Degree in Engineering is desirable. B. Inspector of Mechanical Engineering in Mines. Candidates must be at least 27 and under 35 years of age on November 1, 1949, and must have a degree in Mining Engineering, or an equivalent qualification, together with practical experience in mechanical engineering. Inclusive salary scales: Deputy Principal Inspector, £1,250-£1,450; Inspector, £750 (at age 30, £25 being deducted for each year of age below 30 and added for each year above 30, subject to maximum starting salary of £800-£950. Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 36 Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 2940. Completed applications must be returned by March 16, 1950.

NATIONAL Coal Board. Applications are invited for a post in the Commercial Branch of the Legal Department at Headquarters in London. The appointment will be at the grade of either Legal Assistant (salary scale £785 - £25 - £935, plus location allowance of £54 at the minimum and £66 at the maximum of the scale, per annum), or Senior Legal Assistant (salary scale £975 - £35 - £1,045, plus location allowance of £70 at the minimum and £91 at the maximum of the scale, per annum) according to qualifications and experience. Applicants should be barristers or solicitors of high ability and good qualifications, having some experience of general commercial law. Knowledge of patent law or engineering contracts would be an advantage. Apply in writing, giving full particulars (in chronological order) of age, education, qualifications and experience (with dates) to National Coal Board, Establishments Branch (Personnel), Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, marking envelope TT 192. Original testimonials should not be forwarded. Closing date March 6, 1950.

ESSEX County Council. Children's Department Assistant Children's Officer. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Children's Officer. Candidates should be trained social workers with practical experience in services covered by the Children Act, 1948. They should have administrative and organising ability, and should also be competent to advise on problems of individual children and families. The person appointed will be required to act as a senior assistant to the Children's Officer, and to undertake responsible duties in this capacity. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council, is at present applicable to persons appointed on the established staff. The salary will be in accordance with Grade VI of the Administrative, Professional and Technical Division, £495-£660. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Council. Applications, giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than March 1, 1950. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden. John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, nr Ware, Herts, requires a teacher, for 6-7 age group, interested in music or hand-work. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires woman assistant in its Reference Library in London to act as Chief Cataloguer. Applicants must be Chartered Librarians. Starting salary £355 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £20 to £475 maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Office, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Asst. Librarian, N. Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

THE Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, Box 195, Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, invites applications for the following posts: social anthropologists, urban sociologists, demographer, and historian. Starting salaries from £560 to £660, depending on experience. All research expenses paid, as well as passage to Northern Rhodesia. Applicants should state age, academic training, previous experience, and should submit list of referees as well as a medical certificate stating physical fitness for work in the tropics.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at Belmont Hospital which treats cases of early nervous disorder and is run on the lines of a general hospital. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or other approved qualification. Salary scale £370 - £20—£510, commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications, stating qualifications, experience, age and present appointment, etc., with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent immediately to the Physician Superintendent, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

THE Workers' Educational Association. A vacancy arises for a District Secretary for South Yorkshire. Knowledge of the W.E.A. and experience of organising and administration is expected. Preference will be given to someone who also has contact with the working-class movement and who can maintain friendly relationships with Local Education Authorities and the University. Commencing salary not less than £500 per annum. Last date for receipt of applications, March 15, 1950. Forms of application may be obtained from Mr. E. Fisher, W.E.A., Campo Chambers, 26 Campo Lane, Sheffield, 1.

SOMERSET Education Committee. Somerset County Library, Bridgwater. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in Charge of the Non-fiction Service. The salary is in accordance with Grade A.P.T. II of the National Scales, viz., £420 - £15 to £465 per annum. Candidates should be graduates and either Fellows or Associates of the Library Association, and must have had suitable experience of postal and personal loans of books to individual borrowers. Further particulars, with a form of application, which must be completed and returned not later than three weeks from the date of this advertisement, will be forwarded by the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Canvassing either directly or indirectly will disqualify. W. J. Deacon, Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Rd., Taunton.

KING Edward's School, Birmingham. Dining Hall Caterer and Supervisor. Applications are invited for the post of Caterer and Supervisor of the Dining Halls at King Edward's Schools, Edgbaston, which will shortly become vacant. Candidates should have Domestic Science training and, preferably, a Diploma of Institutional and Household Management. The main duties will comprise the provision of school meals for pupils of the Boys' School and the Girls' School, which are served from a common kitchen to separate dining halls on either side. The total number served daily is about 1,100. Teas and refreshments are also provided for pupils taking part in games and other out-of-school activities. The post is not residential. Salary £350 per annum, rising by annual increments of £10 to £450 per annum, subject to 5 per cent. deduction for superannuation. Candidates may commence at a higher salary within the scale if their experience and qualifications permit. Applications, together with copies of three recent testimonials, should be sent to the undersigned not later than March 4, 1950. C. C. Harries, Secretary.

CITY of Birmingham Education Committee. Birmingham Central Technical College. (Principal: J. Wilson, B.Sc., B.Com., M.I.Mech.E.). Department of Industrial Administration. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in English for teaching duties with full-time and part-time students of Engineering and Industrial Management. Preference will be given to candidates who have had some industrial or business experience and who combine technical with literary and journalistic interests. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale, £300-£15-£555 (men), £270-£12-£444 (women) with additional graduate and training allowances. Commencing salary will depend upon previous industrial experience and training. The successful candidate will be required to take up duty as soon as possible. Further particulars and a form of application may be obtained from the Registrar, Central Technical College, Suffolk St., Birmingham, 1, on receipt of a stamped, addressed foolscap envelope. Completed forms should be returned to him not later than two weeks after the appearance of the advertisement. E. L. Russell, Chief Education Officer.

KING George V Memorial Club, Colchester. Club Leader (man or woman) required for Mixed Youth Club. Salary based on Burnham Scale. Experience essential. Applications, with copies of testimonials, should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, 60 High St., Colchester.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MANCHESTER City Art Galleries. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant at the Gallery of English Costume, Platt Hall, Rusholme, Manchester. The salary will be within Grade A.P.T. I (£390-£15-£435). Candidates should have some knowledge of the history of costume and some museum experience, or comparable practical experience, related to this subject. A University degree, equivalent qualifications in art, or the Diploma of the Museums Association, would be an added but not essential qualification. The position is subject to the National Scheme of Service Conditions and the Standing Orders of the Council. The successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the Manchester Corporation Superannuation Fund. Canvassing in any form is prohibited and relationship to any member of the Council or Senior Officer must be disclosed to me in writing. Applications, with copies of three recent testimonials, should be addressed to and reach The Director, The City Art Gallery, Mosley St., Manchester, 2, not later than March 31, 1950. Philip B. Dingle, Town Clerk.

THE Medical Research Council have a vacancy for a woman assistant in the Publications Section of their headquarters office, for administrative and sub-editing work, including some secretarial duties, in connection with the production of the Council's reports. Age 25-30. A good general education is required and candidates should have had training in some scientific subject up to at least Inter. B.Sc. standard. Experience with a scientific publishing firm or a scientific journal would be an advantage. Starting salary would be at a point on the scale £304 (× £15-£380) per annum, but for a well-qualified candidate a higher salary scale might be arranged. Annual and sick leave will be at the same rate as for analogous posts in the Civil Service. Contributory Pension Scheme after a six months' probationary period has been served satisfactorily. Applications in writing, giving full details of qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent as soon as possible to the Establishment Officer, Medical Research Council, 38 Old Queen St., London, S.W.1.

THE Friends' Education Council wish to appoint an experienced person as Educational Adviser. The duties of the post include guidance for the Council on educational matters; advice to enquirers about educational problems; liaison between the Friends' Schools and the Council; the secretaryship of two Standing Committees of the Council; and the preparation of memoranda. Knowledge of present-day educational problems, and of the relations of State and independent schools is a necessary qualification. The post is a part-time one, and the holder has no responsibilities in regard to the ordinary administrative work of the Council. Applicants should be members of the Society of Friends or in close association therewith. The date of beginning of service can be adjusted to meet the convenience of the person appointed, but should be not later than the early autumn. Further information can be obtained from the Chairman of the Friends' Education Council Executive, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1; and applications should be sent to the same address by April 15.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. County Technical College (Stoke Park, Guildford). Applications are invited for the post of full-time Lecturer in Social Studies (women), to commence duties in April, 1950. The person concerned will be responsible for the teaching of General and Social Psychology in connection with the two-year course in preparation for the Diploma in Social Studies. Candidates should have a good Honours Degree and, preferably, the Diploma in Social Science. The successful candidate will be expected to assist in the supervision of the students' practical work. An allowance of £100 per annum will be paid to the successful candidate. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, on receipt of stamped & addressed foolscap env.

DERBY Education Committee. Central Secondary School for Boys. Qualified Teacher of Woodwork required, with teaching experience and preferably also industrial experience to be responsible for woodwork up to School Certificate standard. The school is to be developed as a secondary technical school, and the post offers scope for a man of ability and initiative, particularly if he can teach Metalwork in addition to Woodwork. Duties to commence April 18, 1950. Salary Burnham Award. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned and should be returned as soon as possible. C. Middleton, Director of Education, Education Offices, The Council House, Corporation St., Derby.

DESIGN Research Unit requires immediately research assistant to collect wide range of scientific data for design work in connection with Festival of Britain South Bank Exhibition. Scientific qualifications desirable; newly-qualified graduate might do. Temporary appointment for min. 6 months, max. 15 months. Salary according to age and experience. Apply in writing to Business Manager, 37 Park St., London, W.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified men to fill a post as Social Leader at a holiday camp on South Coast. This is an all-year-round appointment for the right man. Single man preferred but married man without family considered. Applications with full details and salary required in envelope endorsed JT/CAMPS, to Box 4650.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

VACANCY for Area Organiser. Applications are invited for the post of Organiser to the North Eastern Area Council of the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union. Commencing salary £6 10s. per week plus £1 10s. per week cost-of-living bonus. The basic salary advances by two annual increments of 10s. to £7 10s. per week. The person appointed will be stationed in Newcastle. Candidates must have been members of a trade union for at least three years immediately preceding date of application. The closing date for applications is March 24, and these should be addressed to "The Chairman," Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union, North Eastern Area Council, 8 Upper Fountaine Street, Leeds, 2, endorsed "Organiser's Vacancy."

LIBRARIAN, Asst. (Chemical), 16-18. Matric. Willing to study for degree. E. London area. Box 4893.

THE Y.W.C.A. requires Club Leaders and Assistants (young women) for leisure-time youth clubs in all parts of the country. Some training or relevant experience necessary. Salaries from £270 non-resident for young assistants up to £420 non-resident for more senior posts. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, Great Russell St. London, W.C.1. Women under 41 require a M. of L. permit.

ALEXANDRIA, English Girls' College. October vacancies for English, Classics (with subsidiary), General Science, Froebel (2), Dancing (with Diction or subsidiary). Details: Society for the Overseas Settlement of British Women, 43 Parliament St., London, S.W.1.

LIVERPOOL, 23. Merchant Taylors' School for Girls (Direct Grant), Crosby. Required in September, Mistresses to teach the following subjects: (1) Physics to University Scholarship standard and some Elementary Mathematics. (2) Biology and Middle School General Science. (3) Domestic Science and Needlework. Some good experience required for this post. Apply Headmistress. (No forms.)

SUMMERHILL requires domesticated woman for infant dept. Also Juniors teacher, ages 7 to 11. Both jobs pioneer pay. Refs. essential, but no testimonials. A.S. Neill, Summerhill, Leiston, Suffolk.

RESIDENT Assistant Cook, accustomed to numbers, wanted for Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Apply in writing, stating qualifications and salary required, to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd. S.W.16.

HOUSEFATHER, experienced, required, salary £225 p.a., rising to £300 with full residential emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd. S.W.16.

YOUNG woman Doctor needs intelligent, responsible, sociable young help, male or female, to run baby, author husband and four rooms. Ancient riverside tower, bathing, boating, ½-hour Waterloo. 2nd young family in house available for companionship. Box 4995.

EXPERIENCED Nursery Governess wanted to take charge of and give lessons to boy and girl aged 5 & 6 in large country-house near Leamington Spa. Own sitting-room with wireless; full domestic help. Mrs. Newsome, Medburst Row Farm, Edenbridge, Kent.

MOTHER substitute wanted for 5 little girls. Believer in Summerhill methods and self-development. Gordon Webster, 26 Kensington Avenue, Manchester, 14.

FINE Art Booksellers (Bloomsbury) req. intell. educ. young lady for clerical secretarial work. Engl. & German but Engl. native tongue. Write full partics. age, education, experience, salary reqd. No Sats. Box 4165.

BELTANE School needs resident Junior School Teacher for the Easter term. Apply: The Bursar, Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts.

TRAVEL Service requires good shorthand-typist, preferably with German correspondence knowledge and travel experience. Free now. Box 5287.

ORGANISING Secretary wanted for London office of Israeli Organisation. 'Phone Langham 1865 or Museum 4220.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GENTLEMAN, very active, compulsorily retired, reqs. full-time clerical work, bookkeeping, storekeeping, control, collect. Anything considered. Box 4447.

PARSEE youth, Graduate with Law Certificate, stranded, desperately needs employment. Box 4763.

ART-THERAPIST (qualified) in London clinic (painter) is interested in teaching, private or hospital. Box 4847.

GENT., 29, sks. bk.-publg. post, expd. MSS., prf. rdg., advtg., sht.-typ. Box 4927.

ENERGETIC educated business man seeks mainly outdoor post. Liaison, representative or educational, not commission salesmanship. Experienced welfare worker. Car driver. Unimpeachable refs. High salary not first consideration. Box 4771.

ADVERTISER desires secretarial, personal assistant or similar post, 14 years lawyer's office. Knowledge local government, etc. Experienced general accountancy, office administration, etc. Box A.R.249, 55 Bryanston St., London, W.1.

EDUCATED, intelligent married woman, accept responsibility, sks. supervisory, organising senior clerical work. (Not shorthand-typing.) Good salary reqd. Box 4360.

EXAMINATIONS

THE Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants. June 1950 Examinations. The half-yearly Preliminary, Intermediate and Final Examinations for candidates will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 6th, 7th and 8th June next, in Aberdeen, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth and Sheffield, and at such other Centres, if any, as circumstances may warrant. Entries must be received as soon as possible before April 1st at the offices of the Association, 22 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

PERSONAL

HOME sought for 3 months from April onwards, preferably country near London, for young German aged 13, to learn English language; family with children of approx. the same age pref. Reply with terms: Box 5104.

EUROPEAN girl welc. as pair in household of 3 adults near Malvern. Box 4737.

VILLA Italian Riviera, Anglo-Italian family with girl, lady au pair to look after boy of 3. Maid kept. Box 4740.

NEWLY-founded amateur drama group London, seeks acting and non-acting members. Ring Central 4596.

ANYONE seeking a better way to live may find this in willing, cheerful service in New Pioneering Project of Scientific Spiritual healing on country estate in Hampshire. Services of cook, housekeeper, nurse, gardener, secretary and handyman required. Box 4809.

YOUNG people's discussion society reqs. room central London short period weekends. Box 4922.

FURNISHED house, 4-5 bedrooms, close sea, suitable children, required 3 weeks late July/August. Mod. sanitation and cooking facilities, easy journey London, reasonable rent essential but not luxury. Box 4793.

ELISABETH Chat, Hampstead photographer, reqs. unfurn. s.c. living accom. (flat) appx. 3 rooms, Hampstead. Any hope? 'Phone HAM. 1422 (daytime)/write 12, New End, N.W.3.

MID-August accom. for short conference or school Aug. 13-16 inclusive. Dartington Hall School, Totnes, S. Devon. Single and double rooms up to 130; most suitable buildings. Applications to the Bursar.

YACHT cruising Cornish Riviera and Breton coast: Berths for paying guests £70 p.w. inclusive. Short holidays home waters, long forcign cruises, or join ship French resort. Informal parties: max. six on board inc. owner & wife. No paid hands. Arrangements now for summer. Box 4864.

MALE, 26, single, seeks another for unconventional, cheap April trip to Southern Spain. Box 5240.

TO Switzerland or France on a holiday and educational exchange visit. Also good families for paying guests. Particulars: Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd. London, N.W.3. PRImrose 1370.

FRANCE. Attractive holiday programmes as paying guests in French families. Particulars from Mrs. Marion Guild, Windsor House, Victoria St., S.W.1. Abbey 7421.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol, July 30-Aug. 12, £26 (3rd cl. travel), £32 10s. (2nd). Dr. Edith Beer, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

GOING to Sweden? Lady has modern Stockholm flat, 2 bed., bath, kitchen, frig. Low rent exchange for similar in London. 45 Engel Park, N.W.7.

CLERGYMAN'S wife, expert teacher English to foreigners, original method, excellent testimonials, W.2 dist. Box 4841.

ENGLISH lady residing Hampstead, who has lived abroad, teaches English, Spanish, French. Box 4808.

MENSA is a society for people who are very bright, brilliantly clever, highly intelligent. Particulars from the Secretary, Upwood House, Caterham, Surrey.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns. N.W.3. PRI. 6082.

ACCENT and Dialect eliminated. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama), 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 1369.

IF you can write a good letter, you can make money by writing for the Press. Send for Secrets of Successful Writing, free. Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Källerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

CANAL Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffs., have 7 cruisers sleeping 2-6 people. Wide choice of routes in lovely scenery. Also houseboat with motorboat.

PERSONAL—*continued*

STUDENTS contemplating proceeding to the United States for educational purposes during summer 1950 should consult immediately the National Union of Students Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, for details concerning the exceptionally advantageous facilities for movement to the U.S.A., which it disposes.

MORLEY College Choir. Vacancies for tenors & basses; now rehearsing Haydn & Bruckner Masses, Mondays 6.30 p.m., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. Interesting opportunity for Choral students and experienced singers. Conductors: Michael Tippett & Walter Goehr.

AUTHORS with new books in the Spring Lists will need Portraits by John Vickers for Press and Editorial reproduction. An appointment is essential. VIC. 4915, 29B Belgrave Rd. S.W.1.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

INEXPENSIVE escorted tours Switzd., Sspess, Verona, Venice, Florence, Chamonix. S.C. Tours, Martigny, Switzerland.

SWISS Hols. for groups at low cost. Ginsing, Salvan, Valais, Switzerland.

CORSICA—"Isle de Beauté. The ideal summer holiday—exciting, inexpensive, quite out of the ordinary—has been devised by the Camp de l'Horizon for people who appreciate the wonderful climate, natural beauty, and perfect freedom of this truly enchanted island. Excellent food, swimming, boating, excursions, congenial companions. Write, 'phone or call: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4 (City 7163-4).

WEEK-END house parties. London dances. For full prog. write/'phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. Hol. 5831.

SMALL friendly group visits to Paris, Florence, Rome, Tyrol, Oberammergau. Illustrated booklet free. Allways Travel, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. TEM. 8702.

FORREST School Camps for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Aug. 9 to Sept. 6, 1950. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 38 Barton Rd. Cambridge.

WAYFARERS Holiday Centres abroad include Austrian Tyrol, £36 13s.; Belgium, Ostend, 8 days, £16 5s.; France, Nice, 17 days, £47 4s. 6d.; Germany, Bavaria and Oberammergau, 15 days, £45 10s. 6d; Italy, Lake Garda and Venice, 15 days, £41 15s.; Switzerland, Montreux, 16 days, £41 5s., and many other inclusive tours. Illustrated programme. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd. (Est. 1920), 33 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

EASTER holidays? Join a ski-ing party to Austria April 6, Zermatt April 1. Also Easter house party for young professional people near Windsor or in the New Forest, and Stratford Festival week-end on March 10. Full particulars from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

EASTER Tour. Five-day social study of the S. Wales Development, and Black Mountains N.P., Areas. Experts lecture evenings, coach tours by day. April 6-11, housed at Dunraven Castle, incl. charge £5 17s. 6d. Ethical Union, 40 Inverness Place, W.2.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

DOCTORS, Dentists, etc. Detached House, quiet road, close Ealing Broadway. Admirably suitable professional and/or domestic occupation. All modern conveniences. Recently redecorated. 7 Bedrms., 1 dressing room, 2 bathrms., 3 large reception-rooms, morning rm., Kitchens, refrig. and other accessories. Well-stocked, good-sized garden. Long lease. Low price for quick sale. Box 3572.

WHERE TO STAY

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 58 delightful Hotels, inns, etc., in Devon and Cornwall, described and recommended in unique "Bide-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

STUDLAND, Dorset. Old-world Guest House in 12 acres lovely grounds facing sea. Ideal for early Spring holiday. Golf, riding. Booking Easter, Whitsun, Summer. Illus. brochure from BCM/Studland, London, W.C.1.

NORTH Wales. Visitors received in comf. country cottage near sea. Private sitting-room. Good cooking. May-Oct. Mrs. Milligan, Pen-y-Waen, Abersoch, Caernarvonshire.

DEVON in Springtime. Spend a delightful country holiday at Mount Pleasant Guest House, East Budleigh. Close to sea and moorland. Moderate inclusive terms. 'Phone Budleigh Salterton 235.

COTSWOLD Country Club, Brockhampton Park, Nr. Cheltenham, for your holidays, honeymoon or rest cure. Magnificent mansion with modern luxuries. Excellent cuisine in oak panelled dining hall. Cocktail bar, dancing, tennis, riding, billiards. H. & C. in all rooms, sprung mattresses. Write for brochure E.

BRIGHTON. "Wimni" Private Hotel, 6 Royal Crescent. Tel. 226651. Regency House, delightfully situated on sea front facing South and Palace Pier. H. & C. in bedrooms, every comfort and excellent food. 5 to 6gns. p.w. Personal supervision of Mrs. Miller-Robinson (Proprietress). Special winter terms.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

PYRENEES. Few guests received from Easter in beautifully situated country house near Pau. Write Maelle, Dumesnil, Chateau de Balagué, Rébénacq, B. Pyr., France.

SUSSEX Downs, Kingston, Lewes. Hyde Manor Hotel & Club. Warmth, comfort, good food, constant hot water all rooms. Ideal walking and driving centre. Mod. inclusive terms. 'Phone Lewes 36.

GOLDEN Acres, Elstead, Surrey, now under new ownership and personal supervision, has vacancies. Residential fully lic. country club. Situated in well-known beauty spot. Log fires, electric and central heating. Tennis on site; riding, fishing, and golf available short distance. Excellent fare. Ideal spot for complete rest. 'Phone or write: Elstead 3146. Mr. or Mrs. Charles Clark, late "Britannia," Waltham Cross, Herts.

WOOLACOMBE, N. Devon. Watersmeet Hotel Best in the sun in Spring. Private path to lovely sandy beach with warm sheltered nooks. Very comfortable licensed hotel, where food and service are good. March to July 1st, 7-9gns. Tel.: 3.

MUDDIFORD, Nr. Barnstaple, N. Devon. Broomhill. A peaceful and lovely outlook over 150 acres own grounds. The home-like atmosphere of a comfortable country house, with amenities of a well-managed hotel. Good country fare. Tel.: Shirwell 62.

SUSSEX. Winchelsea, Yew Tree House. Quiet, hospitality mellow & unobtrusive. 20th Century comfort, history (and bustle!) on the door step, the beauty of the Sussex countryside—all this and more awaits you. Brochure & terms on request. Tel. 223.

LAKELAND holiday at Y.W.C.A. holiday hostel, Iveing Cottage, Ambleside. Open all the year round. Good fare. Reasonable terms. Apply Warden.

EASTON Court Hotel, Chagford, Devon. We are used to writers and their foibles and provide strong tables and quiet. Walking, riding, golf or hunting. Considerably reduced winter terms. Tel. Chagford 3169.

BOURNEMOUTH (Boscombe). Small guest house near sea. H. & C., gas fires, ordinary & vegetarian diet. Smith & Bailey, Court Green, Glen Rd. Tel. Boscombe 33621.

HASTINGS, first-class residence, gardens. French cuisine, atmosphere. Children minded. Continental Guest House, 10 Albany Rd. St. Leonards.

SWITZERLAND: Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school. 3,370ft. high Guest House, comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. 14 trains daily, inclusive. Brochure: "Le Corbier," Caux-sur-Montreux.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Blazing log fires welcome you and a friendly staff look after your comfort. Good food in a speciality here. Special terms for long visits. Sharpthorne 17.

CORNWALL. Situated in five acres orchards near sea. H. & C. all bedrooms. Own poultry and produce. Illus. brochure. Mrs. Couldrey, Lavorrick Orchards, Mevagissey.

LAKES. Charming old mansion, magnificent view, modern conveniences. 40 acres. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 314.

EASTBOURNE. Park House, Burlington Place. Small hotel of distinction offering comfort, courtesy & excellent cuisine. Write Brochure. Tel. 3327. May, 5-5½gns.

WE have a growing reputation for good food, comfort and friendliness, that is why our guests return. Riding, rough shooting, television and a club bar for jolly informal evenings. Our new attractive tariff tells all about Crowhurst Park Hotel, Battle. Tel. Battle 360. We are open all the year but are now taking Easter and early summer bookings.

CORNWALL (South) Guest House with quiet friendly atmosphere, nearest residence to Kennack Sands. Near to Cadgwith, Mullion, The Lizard, Coverack and Helford River. Magnificent sea views, safe sandy beach approx. 5 mins. Vacancies except Aug. Write Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor.

CAPEL Court. Easter and Summer bookings; riding, bathing, delightful country walks, within easy reach Dover and Folkestone. Day rides a speciality. Capel Court Gymkhana, August 9. Terms on application: Capel Court, Capel-le-Ferne, Folkestone 146211.

SURREY Highlands for week-ends, holidays or permanent resid. Country house atmosphere. Children welcome. H. & c. all rooms. Efficient cent. htg. Licensed. Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, nr. Farnham. Frensham 362.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welcome. Tel. Holmrook 42.

DUKE of York, Iddesleigh, Nr. Winkleigh. Small comf. hotel in remote, beautiful part of N. Devon. Fishing/shooting by arrangement. 5½gns. p.w. Hatherleigh 253.

SPEND a happy Easter or summer holidays at Brewery Farm House, Great Mongeham, Deal, Kent—where your family and tiny babies are particularly welcome. Golf; sea 3 miles; on bus route. Mrs. Davies, Deal 1195.

NEAR Worthing. The Smithy Guest House, Sompting, Sx. Home-cooking & produce. Gas, electric bedroom fires. Adjacent S. Downs. Good bus service. Worthing 3 miles, Lancing 1 mile. Terms 4½gns. From Easter 5½gns. wkly.

WHERE TO STAY—*continued*

BRITTANY, La Baule, Hotel Bellevue-Plage, overlooking a beautiful sandy bay, on the Atlantic coast. Special terms till July 10, and Sept. onwards. First-class cuisine.

THE Old Rectory, Brede, Rye, Sussex. A few guests welcomed in spacious house with large garden. Central heating, library. 'Phone Brede 62.

STRANDBRIDGE, beautifully situated guest house in quiet Cotswold valley. Restful holidays for people of all nationalities. Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Stranebridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2112.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w. 60 acres. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accommodation and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. Terms 5gns. per week. Robertsbridge 148.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, tube, buses, 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

STUDENTS' accommodation. Newly decorated and furnished. Running H. & C. all rooms. Separate quiet room for studies. Bed & 3-course breakfast—1 sharing £1 15s. weekly each; 2 sharing, £2 2s. weekly each; single, £3 3s. weekly. Campden Hill, Kensington. Near station & bus stops. 'Phone Western 2851.

AVAILABLE March 1st, exceptionally charming Heal-furnished double/treble s.c. suite. C.h.w., Anglo-French chef. Extreme comfort & attention. Also single 4½gns., double 7gns. Mrs. Paul, 57 Marlborough Place, N.W.8. (MAI. 4349.)

TO let, vacant now: single bed-sit. room, large. Serviced daily. Use of kitchen and bath. Constant hot water. Electric fire. Ring early morning or after 5 p.m. CUN. 2904.

LARGE furn. bed-sitting room (2 beds) in refined house. Suitable business or professional couple or friends. Usual amenities. References required & given. Box 4643.

NICELY furn. sple. & dble. dreen rms. Breakfast optl., all comfort. GLA. 5821.

HAMPSTEAD Village. S.c. flat, attractively decorated & furn., 2 rms., k.-b., 4½gns. Artists/architects pref. Box 5235.

BACHELOR, 30, literary interests, etc., seeks another to share self-cont. 1-furn. flat, Kensington. 5½s. p.w. Box 4826.

FURNISHED bed-sitting room, Swiss Cottage. Completely furnished, heater/cooker. Use of bathroom and telephone. Suit business person or student. 35s. p.w. Hamilton Young & Son, 116 Finchley Rd. HAM. 0027.

ATTRACTIVE furn. flat to let. One large living-room, glorious view, two bedrooms, bathroom and kitchen. Suit young couple with one/two small children. Hotel amenities. 4gns. per week. Crowhurst Park, Battle, Sussex.

YORKSHIRE moors and beauty spots. Comfortable furn. flat avail. in good centre, Aug. 1-Sept. 9 inc. Refs. essen. Box 4898.

CORNISH Coast: To let, furnished house, studio, garden. Accommodation 4 persons. All modern conveniences. Write Lambourne, Mousehole, Cornwall.

FURNISHED cottage to let for three months, St. Ives Harbour, Cornwall. Sitting-room, two bedrooms, attic study, kitchen with gas cooker, bathroom, electricity. Three guineas. Apply: Travers, Rose Farm, Mapledurham, Oxon. Tel.: Kidmore End 3136.

TO let, furnished bungalow, Yorkshire Dales, Bath. Also three-roomed chalet. Long or short periods. Apply Dalegarth, Hawkswick, Skipton, Yorks.

OXFORD 10 miles. In pretty village, 6-7 bed., 3-4 rec., bath, garage, gardener; domestic help also available. Maint. Available at once for 8 months or more (1-2 rooms may be sub-let). 7gns. per week. Details from E. J. Brooks & Son, F.A.I., Gloucester House, Beaumont St., Oxford. (Tel: Oxford 4535/6.)

UNFURN. s.c. flat, Hampstead. Tenant wishes each, for detached freehold house/bungalow within 25 miles London. Box 4992.

OUTDOORS-loving three-year-old girl wishes to rent unfurn. house/flat with garden. Parents would like it too. Fair rent/Lair go offered or is British fair play extinct? Ring Fulham 5275.

PROFESSIONAL couple planning March wedding despite luckless hunt for unfurnished London flat, seek accom. help. Box 5081.

YOUNG man, tired of digs, wants small s.c. flat. Pref. Hampstead. Box 4770.

WRITER & linguist seeks small unfurnished room. Can garden, cook. Box 4784.

YOUNG prof. woman requires small unfurn./part furn. cottage/flat within 10 miles Slough. Pref. with garden. Box 4797.

YNG. author & family need hse./cottage furn./unfurn. Home Counties. Box 4829.

WANTED, furn. house mid.-August/mid.-Sept. Sussex coast or downs. Box 5060.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Lst. wk.: St. & Sun., 5 & 8. "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Wed. Mar. 1st, 7. "John Gabriel Borkman." Mems.

UNITY. Last perf. Sun., 26th. "Buster." The A Bomb Play "How I Wonder" opens Mar. 3rd. Adv. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

ANGLO French Art Centre: production of a new play, "Storm Tide," by Norman King, presented by New Group Theatre Co., Sun., Feb. 26 & Mon., Feb. 27, 8 p.m. Tickets available A.F.A.C. CUN. 7854, and Sec., New Group Theatre, G.LA. 1545: Members 2s. 6d., Members' Guests, 3s. 6d.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Feb. 26th, 7.30: "Galgmannen" (A), (Swedish).

"JACOB Sverdlov," Soviet classic. 7.30, Mon., March 20 only. Scala Theatre, W.1. 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., reserved seats from B.S.F.S., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd. W.2. (Send stpd. addressed env. with postal orders.)

LONDON Film Club: Membership 5s. per annum. Next programmes, March 4 exclusive Lubitsch revivals—One Hour with You. The Man I Killed. March 9: The King of Kings. Members only. Particulars, Secretary, 14 Forty Lane, Wembley, Middx.

1ST British perf. "Yellow River Cantata"—Hsu Hsing-hai; Polish folk songs; Divertimento for Strings—arr. Panufnik: "Ballad of Heroes"—Britten; "Songs of Friendship"—Alan Bush. Soloists: Cragg Simkinson, Tenor; Charles Holford, Bass; Narrator, Alex McCrindle; W.M.A. Singers and Orchestra (leader Joshua Glazier). Conductor: Alan Bush. Conway Hall, 7.30, March 2. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. W.M.A., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd. W.2. PAD. 8670.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Feb. 26, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Kantrovitch String Quartet. Jack Brymer. Beethoven E mi, Op. 59; Haydn C, Op. 74, St. Qts. Bliss Clarinet Quintet. Adm. 1s.

ROYAL Albert Hall. This Sunday at 3. London Symphony Orchestra. Sir Malcolm Sargent; soloist, Ida Haendel. Sibelius programme. 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. KEN. 8212.

HENRY Wood Birthday Promenade Concert. Royal Albert Hall, Fri., Mar. 3, at 7.30. Mozart-Beethoven programme. Soloists: Elena Danieli, Solomon. London Symphony Orchestra. Sir Malcolm Sargent. 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 4s., 3s. 6d., Promenade 2s., from Hall (Ken. 8212), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

KANTROVITCH String Quartet and David Carver (Baritone). Pianoforte: Ian Macintyre. Wigmore Hall, Wed. next, at 7. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

BEETHOVEN'S Ten Sonatas for violin & piano played by the Dutch Duo, Nap de Klijn & Alice Heksch, at the R.B.A. Galls., Suffolk St., Pall Mall, on March 1, 4, 7, at 8. 5s., 3s., per Concert, at door, Chappell's, Director of Concerts: N. Chiveaux.

JEWISH Philharmonic Circle, Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlborough St., W.1. Monday, February 27. Recital, Katherine Kara, violin; Doris Lasserson, piano. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven. 8.15 p.m.

ELECTION Rally & Dance on Results Day. Fri., Feb. 24, 7 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Org. by C.L.F.S. Speeches by new M.P.s. & Labour leaders. Adm. 4s.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd. N.W.1. Saturday, 25th, at 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s. 6d. Buffet.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., 25th. Social and Dance, 7.30. Refreshments. Ted Mac's Band. Adm.: Members 2s. 6d., Guests 3s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

FERNAND Leger, an Arts Council exhibition, The Tate Gallery. Open till March 19. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. free.

FUSELI. An Arts Council exhibition of paintings and drawings. The New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. Open till Feb. 25. Week-days 10-6 (Tues., Thurs. 10-8). Admission 1s.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Geza Szobel & Modern French Enamels by S. & P. Fremont; also Etchings by Richard Hamilton.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 131-134 New Bond St., W.1. New sculpture & drawings by Barbara Hepworth. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Lst. wk.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. First Exhibition of Watercolours by Kenneth King. Recent Sculpture and Drawings by Eduardo Paolozzi and William Turnbull. Until March 18.

ARCADE Gallery, March: The Age of La Joie De Vivre, 18th cent. pictures and drawings by Watteau, Boucher, Bellotto, Tiepolo, Longhi and others. Furniture, Porcelain.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by K. Allen, Anthony Bridge, E. Ouston, G. Rhoades, Nancy Sharp, Guy Williams. Sculpture by Elizabeth Spurr. Daily 11-6 inc. Sats. Feb. 20-March 11.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of paintings by Rolf Durig. Also paintings by Matthew Smith, Paul Nash & Christopher Wood, 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Paintings by Mary Dickinson, Pauline Glass, and A. C. Winter.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

EXPRESSIONIST Painters from France, Norway, Germany, Belgium, etc. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. St. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1.

FOYLES Art in Illustration. Paintings by Anne Grahame Johnstone & Janet Johnstone. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.) until March 4. Adm. free.

PAUL Alexander Gallery. Sculpture by Eric Peskett. Feb. 8-March 4. 190 Kensington Church Street.

THE Little Gallery, 30 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Betty Swanwick. Feb. 6-March 4, 1950. Daily 10.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Saturdays 10.30 a.m.-12.30 p.m.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Loan exhibition of paintings by Lovis Corinth. Recent paintings by Z. Ruszowski. Closes Mar. 4.

IRISH Crafts—wrought iron, treen, Aran Isle knitted goods, homespuns & spinning demonstrations. The Craftsman's Market at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

ART for limited means. Phœnix Gallery has a large stock, at moderate prices, of French Impressionist and English Landscape prints, framed and unframed. 38 William IV St., Charing Cross. Mon.-Fri., 9.30-6.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LECTURE-Recital on "Il Taburro" and "Gianni Schicchi" (Puccini) by James Robertson (with Joyce Gartside, Olwen Price, Rowland Jones & Edmund Donlevy, of Sadler's Wells Opera Co.), Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. March 6, 7.30. Adm. free.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Sat., Feb. 25. Music Circle Meeting at Ben Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1, at 8 p.m. "Belshazzar's Feast," by William Walton. Lecture-recital on gramophone records. Admission (with refreshments), 3s. members, 3s. 6d. member's guest.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Basil Henriques, Esq., on "Problems of Juvenile Delinquency." Tues., Feb. 28, at the Rose Hertz Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, at 8.15 p.m. Visitors 1s.

ALBERT Schweitzer Evening (75th Birthday): Readings from his autobiography: Midia Kraus, Lectures (in German) W. Unger, Dr. Karl Wolff, Dr. Karl Haas. Tues., Feb. 28, 7.45 p.m. Club 1943, 1 Broadhurst Gdns., nr. Finchley Rd. Stn. Guests: 1s. 6d.

ANGLO French Art Centre, CUN. 7854. Illustrated lecture by David Sylvester on "Present State of French Painting," Thurs., Mar. 2, 8.30. Mems. Mems.' Guests 2s. 6d.

PERSONALIST Group. Leslie Paul on "An Approach to a Personalist Psychology." Tues., Feb. 28, at Friends' House, Euston Rd. N.W.1. 7.15 prompt.

CHARACTER & Environment: 2nd lecture in Russian Realism series. David Magarshack on novelists from Gogol to Chekhov with readings by Franklin Dyall and Miriam Karlin. Tkts. 2s. (students, S.C.R. members 1s.). Tues., Feb. 28, 7.30. 14 Kensington Sq. W.8. WES. 1571.

NEW Renascence School, 20 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Talk, Thurs., March 2, at 6.30 p.m. "Rays, Waves and the Human Being," by R. C. Thornton, D.Sc., Ph.D.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Feb. 28, 7.30. Mr. Julius Jacobs, Vice-Chairman of the League, prominent trade unionist, will speak on the February events in Czechoslovakia 1948. Chair: Dr. Karel Svec, commercial counsellor to Czechosl. Embassy. Adm. free; all welcome.

HUNGARIAN Club in London: talk given by Psychiatrist on Social Determinants in the Psychology of the Individual. Thursday, March 2, 8 p.m. 33 Pembridge Square, W.2.

HYPNOTHERAPY. Further lectures and demonstrations by Warne-Beresford. See how the Russian confessions are obtained. Lewisham Town Hall, Catford, S.E.6, at 7.30 p.m. (doors open 7 p.m.), on Wed., March 1. Adm., reserved, 5s., 3s. 6d., others 2s. 6d. Also Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, at 7 p.m., Tues., March 7. Adm. reserved 5s., others 3s. 6d. Reserved tickets from Halls.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Library, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Feb. 28, Stuart Morris (Secretary, Peace Pledge Union): "Is Pacifism Practicable?" Adm. free. Collection.

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. March 4, at 6 p.m., Prof. V. Jankelevitch (Alliance Française): "Le 'je-ne-sais-quoi'."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sun. Mtg., 11 a.m. Feb. 26: Dr. Helen Rosenau-Carmi, "Art and Propaganda." Adm. free. For Reports of Lectures see "The Monthly Record," by post 4s. p.a., from the Secretary.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Feb. 26: After Death—What?

H. J. BLACKHAM: How can we Know Ourselves? At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, February 26, at 11 a.m.

A.I.A., 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Discussion, "Museums as Patrons of Living Artists." Thurs., March 2, 8 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

ESME Percy's Presidential Address: "G.B.S. and the Actor." Shaw Society, 57 Dean St., W.1, Feb. 24, 7 p.m. (Chair: Harriet Cohen). Non-mems. 2s. Coming: Jack Lindsay, Constance Cummings, etc. Partics. from Secy., 43 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

"THE National Trust." A lecture will be given by Mrs. U. M. Reynolds for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Thurs., March 2, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

"SCIENCE of Mind," lecture by Bessie J. Woods, M.A., associate of Dr. Frederick Bailes, the author of "Your Mind Can Heal You," Sun., Feb. 26, 3 p.m., Victoria House, Bloomsbury Sq. W.C.1. Adm. free.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Society, Sat., Feb. 25, 2.45, at 39 Priory Rd., N.W.6 (off Abbey Rd.), Ursula Edgcumbe: "The Humanist in Bad Times."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Minister, Swami Ghanananda, at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., March 2, at 7.30, "Eschatology." At St. Ermin's Hotel (nr. St. James's Pk. Tube Stn.), Sun., March 5, at 3.30, Ramakrishna Birth Anniversary: Dr. Kenneth Walker, Guest-speaker. All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., March 1, 6.30. Mr. J. G. Bennett will answer questions on his lecture at the Caxton Hall.

"YOGA and the World Crisis." Public Lecture by H. P. Shastri, Fri., March 3, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 8 p.m. Adm. free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of five lectures on "Problems of the Economic Order with Special Reference to German Experience" will be given by Professor W. Eucken (Freiburg) at 5 p.m. on March 6, 10, 13, 17 and 20, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures will be delivered (in French) by Professor Gustave Charlier (Brussels) at 5.30 p.m. on March 6 and 7 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1 (entrance from Malet Street): on March 6 "Le Séjour de Baudelaire à Bruxelles"; March 7: "La Poésie de Maurice Maeterlinck et la lignée de son lyrisme." Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures will be given by Professor H. Puget (Paris) at 2 p.m. on March 2, and 3 p.m. on March 6, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2: March 2: "Recent Changes in French Administration"; March 6: "The New French Constitution at Work." Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Tocharian Comparative Philology" will be given by Professor W. Couvreur (Ghent) at 5.30 p.m. on March 6, 8 and 10, at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures: "Logical Analysis"—an introductory course on current philosophical analysis and logical theory. From March 3. Details from the Registrar, Newman Association, 31 Portman Square, W.1.

BIRKBECK College (University of London), E.C.4. Four lunch-hour lectures, 1.15-2, by Dr. C. E. M. Joad on The Philosophy of Plato. March 2, Pre-existence and Immortality; March 9, Plato's Theory of Ideas; March 16, Plato's Theory of Art; March 23, Plato and Communism. Admission free—without ticket.

"MARXISM and Literature." A course of six lectures on The English Novel will be given by Alick West, author of "Crisis and Criticism," on Wed. evenings, beginning March 1, at 8 p.m. Mary Ward House, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1. Adm. 5s. Course, 1s. Single Lecture. Important Book-Review Lectures held every Sunday evg. at 7 p.m.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21gns.; 21 days, 26gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1950 Summer Courses." Austrian Travel Agency, 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

NORTH Regional Association for the Blind. Arrangements for a Training Course for Prospective Home Teachers of the Blind are in course of preparation. The Course will commence late September or early October, 1950, and continue until the end of June, 1951. It will prepare candidates for the examination for the Home Teaching Certificate of the College of Teachers of the Blind to be held in July, 1951. Candidates must be between 21 and 40 years of age on the date of the examination. This Certificate is the requisite qualification for the post of Home Teacher of the Blind, the usual salary paid being £300 by annual increments of £15 to £435 per annum. The fee for the Course is sixty guineas and full details can be obtained from the Secretary, North Regional Association for the Blind, 17 Blenheim Terrace, Leeds, 2.

SPANISH Vacation Course in April; Instituto Español, 58 Princes Gate, S.W.7. Tel.: KEN. 3139.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

"THE World's Food and Britain's Needs." Conference at St. Pancras Town Hall, March 4 and 5. First Session: Saturday at 2.30 p.m.: Ruthe's film "The World is Rich." F. Le Gros Clark and Julian Huxley. Second Session: Sunday at 10.30 a.m.: Sir R. George Stapledon and others, "Britain's Needs and Possibilities." Third Session: Sunday at 2.30 p.m.: Lord Boyd Orr on "World Resources and the Distribution of the World's Food." Tickets for each session 2s. 6d., obtainable from Association of Scientific Workers, 15 Half Moon St., W.1.

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"THIS England." A holiday course for British and foreign people on English life, culture and institutions with frequent visits to places of beauty and interest. Holly Royde Residential College (University of Manchester Extra-Mural Department), Palatine Road, Withington, Manchester, 20. July 1-29. Fee £18 (or £4 12s. 6d. a week) and cost of visits. Prospectus from the Warden.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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